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THE BYSTANDER September 7, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 7—September 13

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—Charles Morgan's much-heralded first play; set in a fortress; played by Margaret Rawlings, Godfrey Tearle: Lyric, 8.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by a new all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Lee Tracy, Tamara Geva, with excellent support; Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper head the cast as Oberon and Theseus: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—This drama of village life, half serious and psychological, half humorous, has Walter Fitzgerald and Dorothy Black: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a new comedy: Comedy, 8.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esme Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd in a quiet emotional story: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THOU SHALT NOT.—An English version of Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, with Nancy Price in the chief part: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—The production of Bridie's joyful play has transferred from the Open-Air Theatre to the St. Martin's.

Singing and Dancing

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a nautically tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRIVOLITÉS DE FRANCE.—Naunton Wayne and fifty girls represent the wit and the beauty of this show: Prince of Wales, 2-11.30 non-stop.

MARITZA.—Good music and light sentiments of the Viennese model are half-translated into English by Mara Losseff, Douglas Byng, Shaun Glenville: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little. 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 108.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—Henson, Emney, Hearne, Louise Browne and the Gaiety gang in their new musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Bertram Park

"Thou Shalt Not—"

Henry Oscar plays Laurent, Cathleen Nesbitt plays Thérèse, in the excellent adaptation of Zola's "Thérèse Raquin," at the Playhouse. Nancy Price plays Madame Raquin

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Palladium (6.25 and 9; Wed., Thurs., 2.30).

Drama Festivals

BUXTON.—The Old Vic company in a Shakespeare, Sheridan and Pinero programme.

STRATFORD.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

CAN WE TELL?—Maurice Colbourne has produced this controversial play about a self-made industrialist, starring Edna Best and Jack Hawkins: New, to-night, 7th.

SERENA BLANDISH.—The Gate Theatre opens with Esmé Percy's production of S. A. Behrman's adaptation, with Vivien Leigh in the name part: Tues., 13th.

CINEMAS

THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO (American).—First-class entertainment for the fourth form, with Gary Cooper as an attractive Marco, Sigrid Gurie his princess, Basil Rathbone and George Barbier: Odeon.

THE EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA (German).—Luis Trenker and Viktoria von Ballasko in the Tobis American historical film: Studio One.

GANGS OF NEW YORK (American).—Title speaks for itself; Charles Bickford and Ann Dvorak: London Pavilion.

HER JUNGLE LOVE (American) and THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (British).—Dorothy Lamour in a wild setting, Merle Oberon in a technicolour civilised one: Tivoli.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—Personalities of a family clash, against an exciting background of the great fire: Tivoli.

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY (American).—Mickey Rooney acts excellently in a clever, homely, small-town tale; Judy Garland, Lewis Stone: Empire.

THE MARKED MAN (French).—Jean Murat is a French spy in Germany who wins his country's love and also Viviane Romance's: Berkeley.

MATERNITÉ (French).—Francoise Rosay's classic: Rialto.

THE RAGE OF PARIS (American).—Douglas Fairbanks Junior opposite Danielle Darrieux in her first Hollywood film; how a French girl makes good in New York: Leicester Square.

THE SAINT IN NEW YORK (American).—Louis Hayward in a tough gangster episode: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

THIS MAN IS NEWS (British).—Barry K. Barnes and Valerie Hobson in a good Fleet Street story: Plaza.

THREE MEN AND A GIRL (American).—The Ritz Brothers and Marjorie Weaver in an amusing expedition into Kentucky: Gaumont.

UNCLE MOSES (Yiddish).—A gripping story of New York's East Side Jewish quarter, where the old racial Judaism mingles with new Americanism: Academy.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's noble slice of English history, with Anna Neagle as the Queen, revives at the Curzon

VIVACIOUS LADY (American).—A pleasant comedy for Ginger Rogers, with James Stewart and Charles Coburn: Regal.

BALLET

THE BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO.—Massine is first dancer and artistic director: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PALESTINIAN BALLET.—Rina Nikova's company, with songs and Biblical scenes, makes its first London appearance: Vaudeville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in his forty-fourth season at the Queen's Hall: nightly, 8.15.

TO-NIGHT, 7TH.—Bach concert, with six soloists; third and fourth Brandenburg concertos, concerto for violin, flute, piano and strings, arias and 3rd Suite in D.

THURSDAY, 8TH.—Weber's Euryanthe overture, Elgar's violin concerto in B minor (Jean Pougnet), Franck's symphonic variations for piano (Leslie England) and orchestra, Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," Song by Gordon Jacob, which he conducts.

FRIDAY, 9TH.—Beethoven concerto with John McKenna and the Grinke Trio; songs, Fidelio overture, concerto in C for piano, violin and violoncello, seventh symphony.

SATURDAY, 10TH.—Stiles-Allen and Keith Falkner are the vocal soloists, Cyril Smith at the piano for Rachmaninoff's concerto in D minor; also Mendelssohn, Verdi, Delius, Liszt and Walton.

MONDAY, 12TH.—Wagner concert, with three vocalists; excerpts from the operas.

TUESDAY, 13TH.—Handel concert, with three soloists and the B.B.C. choral society; excerpts from the cantatas, concerto grosso in G minor, organ concerto in D minor.

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Yevonde

The Countess of Rosse and Her Daughter

This attractively posed portrait shows Lady Rosse with her eldest daughter from her first marriage—Susan, aged eleven. It will be three years exactly on September 19th since the Irish Earl of Rosse married Oliver Messel's sister Anne. And on October 21st there will be another celebration—that of the second birthday of young Lord Oxmantown, Lord and Lady Rosse's first-born. This young couple (he is thirty-two) have lately devoted a great deal of interest to the Georgian Society of London, an organisation which is attempting to save some fine old period squares from the flat-builders. They returned to the defence this summer after a spring motor tour in America and Mexico. Lord Rosse's homes are Birr Castle, King's County, in Ireland, and Womersley Park, Doncaster, in England. In town he lives at 25, Eaton Terrace

Beside the Seaside

At Deauville, Biarritz, the Riviera

Lord Graves and Miss Pole-Carew

At Deauville for the Grande Semaine and its racing, its yachting, its polo, its tennis, and—of course—its bathing, were Lord Graves and Miss Marye Pole-Carew. She is the elder sister of Sir John Carew Pole, twelfth baronet of Shute House, Devon

Sir Harold Bowden's Party at Deauville

Sir Harold Bowden's first run in his new wonder yacht, Maid Marion, was a cruise to Norway; the party then put South and berthed at Deauville in time for Grand Prix week-end. This group shows M. Jean Manolovici, of Bucharest, Miss Anne Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowden, Captain Frank Covell and Sir Harold Bowden. Frank Bowden is Sir Harold's heir; he married Lydia Eveline Manolovici as his second wife last year—M. Jean Manolovici is his father-in-law. The Bowden fortune was built up on Raleigh cycles

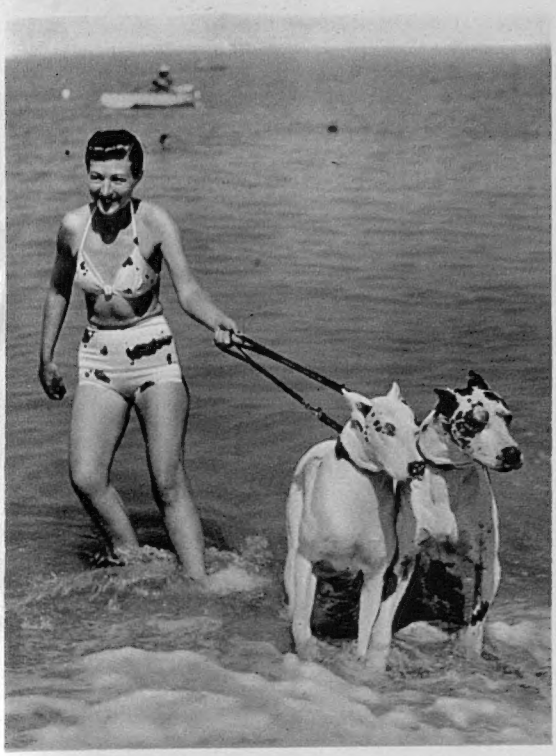
The Duke of Westminster Comes Ashore

Lighting a cigar, and wearing a pork-pie hat, the Duke of Westminster came down the gang-plank of the Cutty Sark, lying in the Bassin de Trouville. He is the second Duke, his motto is "virtue, not ancestry," he has been twice divorced

Rupert Bellville, at right, was waiting outside the O'Malley-Keyes' for a game of backgammon, which he plays expertly. It was about this time last year that he got into trouble in the Spanish war

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston at Deauville

Mr. Rupert Bellville Relaxes at Biarritz



A Dip with the Dogs

This young Frenchwoman in an Eton crop went into the English Channel at Deauville with her two fine bull mastiffs. These dogs can develop into very powerful swimmers

Left : how to be comfortable in a deck-chair is a question solved in a novel way by Mr. Percy Ormond Lawson-Johnston, photographed with his wife on Deauville's beach

Glamour Girl

Tall, slim Barbara Goodall, who is known as Barbara Gray and is one of the Monte Carlo Follies, makes a lovely picture against the azure Mediterranean at Monte Carlo

Miss Mollie Sullivan

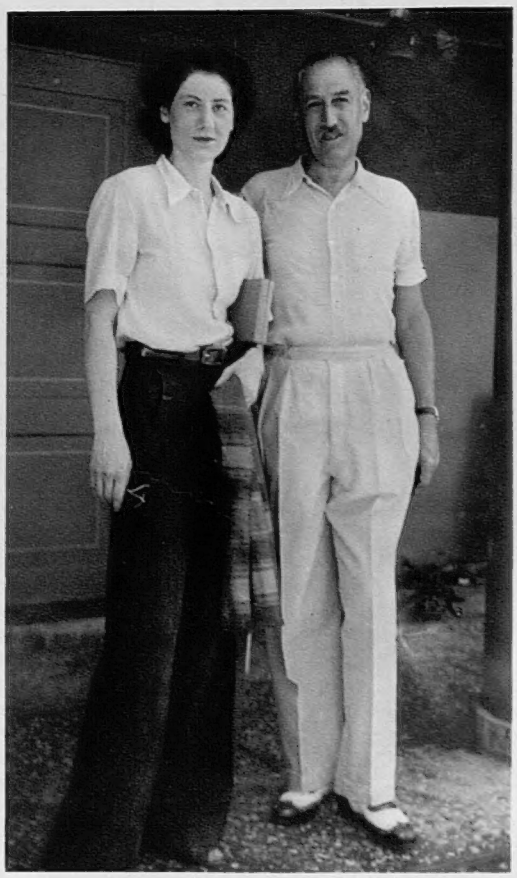
Mollie Sullivan makes another attractive picture en tenue de beach. She is Mr. W. P. Sullivan's daughter, works hard as a mannequin and as a film extra, had her portrait in this year's Academy

Mr. and Mrs. Dunkerley

The Vincent Dunkerleys (she is one of Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel's sisters) are among numerous London couples at Biarritz. He carries her coat which matches her spotted rompers

Miss Tilla Harvey

This attractive and regular visitor to the silver coast at Biarritz has announced a whirlwind engagement to Mr. Teddy Wagg, of golfing fame

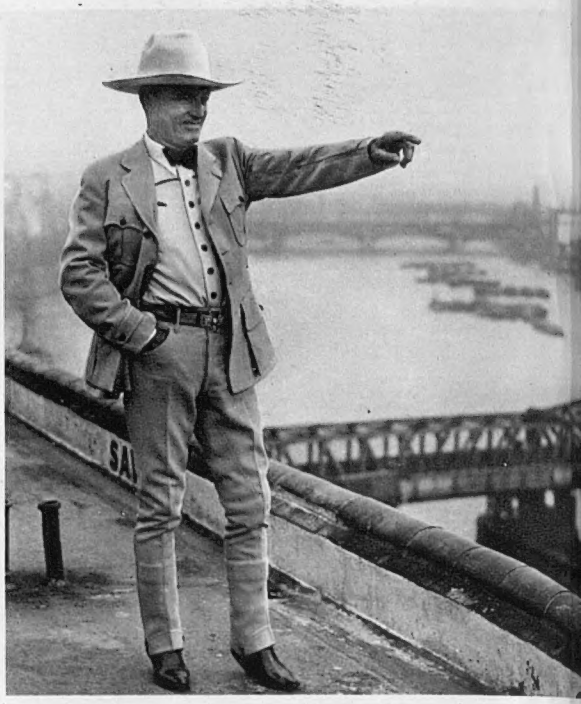


Miss Owen, Sir Victor Sassoon

Miss Elizabeth Humphreys-Owen, only daughter of the Squire of Glensevern, Montgomeryshire, and her uncle, Sir Victor Sassoon, were at Monte Carlo beach. They were staying with the Principessa Ottoboni

The Opposition's Leader in North Wales

The Rt. Hon. Clement Richard Attlee was spending part of his holidays and part of the £2000 newly voted to him as Leader of his Majesty's Opposition at Nevin, a resort on the north of Caernarvon's Lleyn peninsula. There he will have received with interest and perhaps apprehension reports that Communists last week intended to press their party for obedient affiliation to Major Attlee's pinks. Here Mrs. Attlee takes him and their children for a row



Tom Mix on Top of London

Viewing London's wide-open spaces from the top of the Savoy Hotel is Tom Mix, the cowboy film star whose hard-riding and quick-shooting have delighted generations of youths; he is appearing at the Palladium this week with his horse, Tony the Second

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE focus of international tension has temporarily shifted, of course, from Prague to Nuremberg. The annual Nazi conference, which always takes place in that lovely old city, is an occasion this year for painful expectancy. Years ago we used to associate Nuremberg with Hans Sachs, and the Preistied from the *Meistersinger*, and ancient buildings, and the painting of Albrecht Dürer. Times have changed.

SO long as the German Press lashes itself into a frenzy of anti-Czech anger, the danger of "incidents" in the Sudeten country is obviously greatly increased. In one place a Czech tries to kiss a German girl (and who hasn't, at one time or another?) and an uproar begins; at another a German innkeeper refuses to sell beer to a Czech; at a third a brawl takes place for no apparent reason. In such trivial affairs lie the germs of disaster.

NOTHING more horribly illustrates the downhill plunge of the moral level of the world than the treatment of the Jews in Europe. That Italy should have taken the first step in a policy of anti-Jewry is a dreadful thing. Thousands of Jews who became Italian citizens since 1919 are to be expelled. Where are they to go? What are they to live on? For nearly twenty years they have lived peaceful, unmolested lives in the country of their adoption. Now, suddenly, they are to be uprooted and flung out. It is a logical extension of the Berlin-Rome axis, I suppose, but it is a horrible one.

THE Pope has strongly condemned racial discrimination in a recent message, and the official journal of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, must have a certain circulation in Italy. But in a totalitarian State, what can one single newspaper do against the mass-produced official Press? All liberal-minded Italians must detest the anti-Jewish decrees, but what chance have they of expressing the faintest sort of opinion?

THE Commission appointed by the British Government to investigate air bombardments in Spain has issued its report. Out of forty-six raids on Alicante, which were examined at the request of the Republican Government, forty-one are reported to have been aimed at military objectives. In six raids on various towns civilians were killed in "deliberate attacks on a civilian area of a town," and in its account of the raid on Torrevieja the Commission uses the phrase, "a deliberate attack on a defenceless civil population."

WHEN the Spanish Government's destroyer was trying to slip through the Straits of Gibraltar on its voyage from France to Valencia, it was intercepted by rebel warships in the Straits and fired on by the shore batteries at Ceuta and in Spain. This surely ought to convince at long last the people who have denied that shore batteries commanding the Straits have recently been built by the Franco engineers and gunners. The guns are there all right, and whoever holds Burgos holds the Straits.

WHILE the armed men and tanks and guns are manœuvring in Germany, and the French are quietly filling up the Maginot Line with men, and the Czechs are standing to arms, the navies are not hanging back. The British Home Fleet will take its autumn exercise in the North Sea during the end of September and may find itself based on Scapa Flow instead of in the Channel—a strange echo of 1914. The German fleet is also going to manœuvre in the North Sea at approximately the same time.

THE new Soviet "purge" is a startling one, even in that land of startling events. The Naval Ministry has admitted that all the chief Admirals and naval experts have been shot. The charge against them was that they treacherously built a "defensive" navy of submarines instead of big battleships. Ever since "Jacky" Fisher built the first Dreadnought in 1905 or thereabouts, the submarine v. battleship controversy has raged. The Soviet's contribution to the controversy is certainly the most drastic up to date.

FIGHTING on the Russo-Japanese frontier near Vladivostok has suddenly faded away, and the Press of the world has turned its harassed eyes to other crises, of which there are plenty, in other parts. The *New Yorker* makes a shrewd comment when it wonders if the piping-down of the Japanese might not be due

Mayflower Magnates at Cherbourg

Mr. and Mrs. Erich Pommer got back from America last week where he had been negotiating "Vessel of Wrath" for the American market. Charles Laughton, co-director of Mayflower Films, went to Cherbourg to meet them.

to a message from Herr Hitler to the Mikado, saying, "I can't give you anything but love, baby."

GERMANY'S film of the Berlin Olympic Games has been released in Venice. It takes five hours to run through, and it shows every heat of every event, so it can't be written down as a snappy bit of historical documentation. Fräulein Leni Riefenstahl was responsible for it. She is a personal friend of the Führer's and she might well ask him for a few lessons in drama. Herr Hitler, whatever else he is, is at least dramatic.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S fourth and last volume of his Life of Marlborough is published this week. It contains the story of what surely must be the dirtiest political intrigue in English political history—the campaign of Queen Anne and the Tories against Marlborough and the Whigs. By the end of 1709 the genius of the Duke had beaten France to the ground, and even as late as 1711 he was still winning all along the line. Within three years the Tory politicians had handed the whole situation back to Louis XIV. on a platter. Mr. Churchill, as usual, writes magnificently.

THE stag which jumped over the cliff in the West of England to avoid the pursuing dogs and sportsmen only got a moderate Press. Lord Runciman squeezed it off the front page. A few years ago, when the League was still functioning and Herr Hitler had not begun his series of week-end contributions to world peace, a suicidal stag was always good for a couple of columns. It takes all that amount of space for a stag-hunter to explain that the stag enjoys every moment of it.

THE rector of St. James's parish, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, has copyrighted his parish magazine. In the last issue of this journal it was stated or alleged or suggested, or whatever the safest word is, that wife-beating is a popular sport in Wednesbury. It only remains now for some local sportsman to write to the magazine that the wife enjoys every moment of it.

YORKSHIRE have won the County Cricket Championship again, and no one could deny that they were the best side. Sutcliffe is still a grand player—especially in an emergency—and Leyland, Hutton, Mitchell, Bowes, Verity, and Smailes are all England cricketers. Add Barber, Wood (an England wicket-keeper) and a magnificent captain, and it is not surprising that the side was very difficult to beat.

ONE of the most interesting events that have taken place in the theatre for a long time is the replacement of Mr. Raymond Massey by Mr. Lee Tracy in *Idiot's Delight*. The experiment has been an instant success, and the two actors have done each other honour by the comparison of their methods and personalities.

The Gate Theatre announces that one of its forthcoming productions is to be John Steinbeck's famous *Of Mice and Men*.

THERE is something almost petrifying in the things which Americans get it into their heads to do. I wonder if ever in history have people used such energy and drive and imagination to do such absurd things. A Californian syndicate has just bought a whole quarry of stone near Blarney Castle. This stone will be dug out, shipped to California, and used to build an exact replica of the Castle, complete with substitute Blarney Stone. Only a man of colossal infinitesimality—to coin a rather impressive phrase—could have thought of that one.

The British Mission for the Exchange of Spanish Prisoners

While a British mediator negotiated one of Europe's hot spots in Prague, another British mission left to effect a prisoner-exchange system between the Barcelona Reds and the Burgos Blacks in Spain: Mr. H. Charles Dick, Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode and Col. H. Hay. On their arrival they published an offer from del Vayo, of the Government, to suspend all September death sentences on Insurgents if Franco would act similarly

An Under-Secretary in the Upper Air

When Captain Harold Balfour, the Under Secretary of Air, visited Duxford R.A.F. Station, he flew a Spitfire at 300 m.p.h. and commented that even an old gentleman like himself from an office stool could fly it

"She Too Was Young"

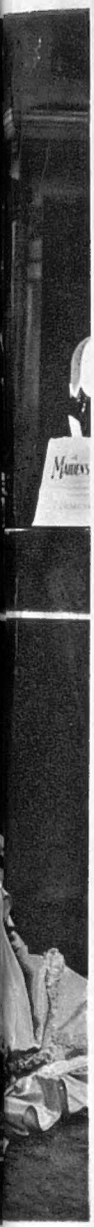
The 'Seventies at Wyndham's Theatre

"My love is like a red, red rose," *sings Harry Lestrange (Barry Sinclair), whereupon Rose appears (Dorothy Hyson). This incident repeats in the last act, but the course between does not run smooth*

"I'm the luckiest man in the world," *says Harry later, half engaged to Rose. She sits with half-sister Kate (Ann Todd); he trinques with Dr. Jones (Alan Webb)*

"She makes a lovely bride," *says Emily to Howell of Rose; but the latter's heart is heavy (Marie Ney, Dorothy Hyson, Edmund Gwenn)*

This play did not take the critics by storm, but it has firmly established itself with the public. A great deal of hard work has gone into the production and the resultant finish is of a standard to be grateful for. The first bouquet must go to Miss Molly McArthur who has dressed and decorated the play in a highly sympathetic way. Then to the joint authors, Miss Hilda Vaughan and Mr. Laurier Lister, goes praise for the scholarly period atmosphere with which they surround their simple tale of country house life in the 1870's. A very sympathetic and talented cast interpret the quiet humour and the romance excellently. Mr. Murray Macdonald produced *She Too Was Young*



"**But you must pay,**" *says Emily Treowain, presenting a bill to her husband. "Have you no proper pride?" "I've no money," replies he. Each married thinking the other was wealthy (Marie Ney and Edmund Gwenn)*

"**By Jove, you're wasted on them,**" *insinuates the wealthy, depraved, punning baronet. Having missed Rose, he turns his attention to Kate and meets with success (Esmé Percy and Ann Todd)*

"**I'm sitting in judgment, my love,**" *says Howell Treowain, roused out of his classical studies at last by Rose's evident unhappiness. He has discovered that interception of love-letters (a favourite Victorian stage device: no telephone then) has been practised: Edmund Gwenn, Barry Sinclair, Marie Ney, Alan Webb, Ann Todd*

Sir Nevile Henderson: London—Berlin—Nuremberg

This picture of the British Ambassador to Germany was taken just before he stepped off British soil into a Dutch air liner bound for Berlin. Sir Nevile Henderson is a diplomat de carrière; his Britannic Majesty's service took him from Eton to St. Petersburg, and he passed to his present post by way of Tokio, Nish, Cairo, Belgrade and the Argentine. He was therefore not likely to display any emotion at the prospect before him, nevertheless it was a grave one. He arrived at Berlin to find Herr Hitler in Berchtesgaden, but his guest at dinner was Baron von Weizsaecker, Permanent Secretary to the German F.O. The Fuehrer meanwhile was seeing Henlein and preparing the speeches that burst at Nuremberg this week on to an armed Germany and an alarmed world. Our Ambassador represents Britain at the Nazi jamboree for the second time where his quarters are the diplomats' train of sleeping- and dining-cars which is shunted into a siding and which, irresponsible observers suggest, could be hitched to an engine and rolled over the border should the Fuehrer decide on drastic moves

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 87

Lord Burghley

To the general public Lord Burghley used to be known best as the holder of the English native record in the 220 hurdles and as the winner of eight British championships, the Olympic 400-metre hurdles, and many other races at home and abroad. Then, when the Duke of Gloucester married one of the daughters of the Duke of Buccleuch, he became automatically the Duchess of Gloucester's brother-in-law, for he himself had married her sister in 1929. Next, as chairman of the Propaganda Committee of the National Advisory Council on Physical Recreation, he became known to a still wider section of the country. To-day he is president of the Amateur Athletic Association, chairman of the British Olympic Association, and (since 1931) M.P. for Peterborough. But if one went on with the other jobs and official positions that this charming Cantab holds, there would be no room to say anything more about him.

Lord Burghley looks like a handsome version of "Punch" with a thin, hooked nose and strong chin. Just what you would expect from a champion runner. Yet, despite all his success in business, in politics, and athletics, he is most retiring. Thus, at the White City on the occasion of the International Athletic meeting, he was the only official of the A.A.A. who did not wear white flannels, a blazer, and a straw hat. Instead he was in an ordinary lounge suit with an elderly soft hat crammed on the back of his head. Lord Burghley is very jealous of the maintenance of real amateur status being retained by amateurs. He carries it to such an extent that he refuses to write articles on amateur athletics, even though it were announced that the cheques would be sent to charity. ("You never know what people mightn't say or think," he explains.) As a business man, the future Marquess of Exeter is very keen and always ready to learn. Directly after the White City meeting he left for a ten-day visit to Denmark solely to investigate a large store there which is said to be the most brilliantly conducted in Europe, for he is a director of the Army and Navy Stores, as well as of the L.N.E.R. and the National Provincial Bank. Lord Burghley himself keeps remarkably fit, although he is very partial to bananas, thus confounding the dietetic experts who claim that this is a most indigestible fruit or vegetable. He still hunts his own private pack of foxhounds. And he has been a strong critic of the B.B.C. for its refusal to institute early morning broadcasts in connection with the National Fitness Campaign. Perhaps his strangest claim to fame is that the Hurdlers' Inn opened at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, bears as its painted sign a likeness of him in running clothes.

But no wonder that Lord Burghley has decided not to stand again as a Parliamentary candidate. His increasing responsibilities in other directions must make it almost impossible for him to carry out his Parliamentary duties in the way that he feels the electorate have a right to expect.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHETHER the game of "Boodles," the *Daily Mail's* latest contribution to the international crisis, is sweeping the country like its predecessor "Beaver," we can't say, but we doubt it. In "Beaver" you scored men (or women) with beards, in "Boodles" you score only uniformed men (or women) with beards, which rules out Mr. Shaw, King Beaver No. 1 under the old rules, and Mr. Augustus John equally. Nobody has yet inquired of Authority how much you score, if anything, for Professor C. E. M. Joad in hiking kit, a subtle point which could be argued almost indefinitely by chaps and girls who are tired of the problems in *The Week-end Book*. It would seem the public is not taking to "Boodles" with the passionate energy it took to "Beaver," nor are boodles themselves rising in dignified protest as beavers did in the 1920's. We remember a period when the serious Press rang with denunciations by the bearded, who could, after all, easily have rendered themselves immune from the game by shaving.

In the late War one or two chaps in the Naval Division wore beards for the purpose of driving Army brasshats mad with rage and fear, which was quite reasonable. Douglas Jerrold's friend Clifford Codner triumphed most spectacularly over the military machine in this way; they tried hard to make him shave his beard, but had in the end to give him six months' leave instead. And if we remember rightly, Major Augustus John also had them hopping helplessly mad with that majestic Titian-hued face-fuzz. But reasons for beards are few nowadays: we mean non-liturgical beards. It seems that the richest boodling areas so far are the more remote and savage parts of the South, where postmen, fishermen, ticket-collectors, and other natives in peaked caps (which qualifies them) are devoted to beards, as also, no doubt, to those more sinister preoccupations which make rural life so dreadful. There is little doubt that a certain type of beard is not an ornament but a state of mind, and such a distasteful one that even Freud does not care to probe it.

"I always say that every glass you drink means employment for somebody"

Pat

MOTHER SCIENCE'S boys, now home again and pottering round with the old test-tubes once more, are still in a state of gentle glow, a chap who frequents them tells us, over their good behaviour during the recent Cambridge jamboree. They weren't arrogant. They didn't stamp round like a lot of Prussian sergeant-majors, as they used to do, attacking the eternal verities. They seemed to realise that this year's world-shaking scientific dogma is next year's laugh. They didn't yield to the old temptation of deducing from that prehistoric Swanscombe skull the colour of the late owner's eyes and his views on all things human and divine. They were good boys, and their gabfest has introduced at least two things which may be of practical value. One is that new gearless, clutchless automobile evolved and worked out by an Italian savant, the central feature of which is a centrifugal pump driving a turbine. The significance of this mechanism, if it proves generally adaptable, is that it will place us low-grade, despicable gear-fumblers on a level, socially and mechanically, with chaps who can change gear with the smooth speed of a flash of lightning in a butter-factory *and* light a cigarette simultaneously. On the other hand, it will make long-distance driving more boring than it is already, and more chaps will be apt to doze at the wheel. There are drivers who can drive quite well in their sleep, of course. One of them once drove us in silence and a huge Voisin from St. Malo to Carteret, keeping a steady beat of 70-80, and only when he finally drove halfway up a steep bank, stopped, and said fretfully: "Eh? All right. Where's my toothbrush?" did we realise that he had only just waked from long, refreshing beddybyes.

"Boumphrey? I wonder if you see what I see—"

The other thing of practical value emerging from the B.A.'s chatter-week was Professor Gordon Childe's crack at the B.B.C. for refusing to allow a reply after disseminating "scientifically inaccurate views." Everybody knows that nobody is allowed to challenge the B.B.C. (just as nobody is allowed to challenge Dr. Inge in the *Evening Standard*), but it's one thing to protect B.B.C. Talks dons who merely undermine our civilisation, and quite another to protect those who dare to lay a finger on Mother Science, and we're glad the Professor mentioned it.

Chime Marches On

A CARILLON is a very lovable thing heard from some tall belfry of the Low Countries, deep and sweet in the still summer evening while you drink strong Flemish beer and remember how many generations have heard that metal music, as familiar to those painted figures of the Flemish and Burgundian Schools

as to the modern burgher in his bowler hat. What the eminent master-carilloneur Jef Denyn and his pupils think of the 18-ton 44-bell carillon which has just been shipped from Croydon to San Francisco we can't discover from the public prints. The whole carillon, played by remote control from an ivory keyboard, with a perforated roller and music-rolls on the pianola model, weighs 34 tons. The Americans like it big. We don't know the Flemish technique nor the bell-weights at, say, Bruges, not being a critic with the *Enc. Britt.* at hand, but we remember hearing that Flemish carillons are much more difficult to operate and that their keyboards demand almost the strength and virtuosity of a Hambourg. Another point is that carillons, as their sage inventors well knew, belong to one certain kind of country : low flat misty rolling plains, from which the tall lacework of their belfries soars up (as at Delft) and glorifies the eye, while the sweetest of bell-music is scattered over the country-side far and wide like showers of pearls or dewdrops. Only a fool would erect a carillon on a hill.

There are many different kinds of music made by bells, doorbells and telephone-bells and sheep-bells and wedding-bells and sacring-bells and handbells—the soft mellow handbell music made by the Antient Society of Colledge Youths is very charming—and railway bells and diving-bells, dumb-bells and glass sandwich-bells, which last ring a sharp clear F of warning to the purchaser whenever they are removed in a station restaurant ; but metal striking metal has never made more ethereal sound than it does over the plains of Flanders, and we wish the San Franciscans joy also and trust they get a ravished earful.

Tough

It seems that the honest ædiles of Cumberland may allow a motorbus company to pull down Wordsworth's birthplace in Main Street, Cockermouth, and build a bus station there, unless they can be prevented or softened by the end of September. This is all the more distressing because a Wordsworth National Memorial Committee have just raised the first £1000 towards buying the house and handing it over to the National Trust. It doesn't stir us very deeply personally ; there are many houses in England more sacred to us than Daddy Wordsworth's birthplace, but it must be the very devil, we feel sympathetically, for Sir Hugh (" Uncle ") Walpole, who runs the Lake District nowadays and has to be constantly on the alert. For notwithstanding (or perhaps because of ?) the improving influences of the English Lakes, Progress has a fishy eye on that area and longs to cover it with rows and rows of delicious little bungalows and Desirable Bijou Residences in the Peacehaven manner and pack the Lakes with motor-boats. It 's never a district we could be happy in, it stinks too much of Neo-Pantheistic-Unitario-Pantisocracy, sesame, and lilies for our rude taste, and mountains depress us anyway, but we can well imagine that those who really feel the Lake District does them good, physically and morally, must be full of foreboding over the future, as must be also admirers of the conscientious Wordsworth, surnamed " Horse-Face," who would have been our long-faced chum too if he 'd ever been able to write poetry half as good as Coleridge's.

Personally we left off caring any more what they do to England a few months ago, when they pulled down Adelphi Terrace — including Garrick's house, No. 5, where Boswell spent the happiest day of his life in 1781, the day Johnson growled out that famous remark about a women with " a bottom of good sense," which made even Aunt Hannah More titter—and stuck up what is now there. Complete apathy now possesses us. They could even pull down a Test cricketer's mother's birthplace and we wouldn't wag an eyelash.

Upward and Onward

On the same day recently that Mr. James Bone, whom God knows we love and admire as much as any man alive, took a nasty crack at us in the *Manchester Guardian* because we so tirelessly proclaim and reverence the English religion, which is cricket (as was admitted in Parliament recently)—on this memorable day Auntie *Times* began a vital correspondence about the Tallest Cricketer. On that same day also the *Daily Express* had a long worshipping article about England's latest hero, young Mr. Hutton, of Yorkshire, Test batsman, who found his sacred vocation in childhood and has lived solely for it ever since. And a day later we met a clean-cut spiritual chap who, like 90 per cent. of the modern English, has been brought up on cricket from infancy and knows no other code. So we couldn't quite understand Mr. Bone's crack at us, unless it was just *joie de vivre*, and anyway, we 're too absorbed now in the question of the Tallest Cricketer to mind. According to M. Jahangir Khan, who propounded it first to Auntie *Times*, the tallest living cricketer is probably Mr. E. A. Hughes, of the Indian Gymkhana Club, who is over 6 ft. 7 in., but is Mr. Hughes the tallest cricketer who ever lived ? That is the question, and in our opinion it is high time, the world being in the state it is, that this question was brought home to every thinking Englishman. It must not be answered lightly. Another question : when a batsman in the field raises his little cap do you raise yours in return, or simply cry : " Oh, *played*, sir ? " We generally want to fling a few vegetables in the thrill of the moment, but that 's probably our gypsy blood.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Well—you would insist *on coming too "*

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Fleet's Lit Up" (Hippodrome)

IF the B.B.C. thinks twice before arranging to broadcast a musical piece with such a painfully reminiscent title as this, the delay should not arouse much impatience in listeners. Miss Frances Day, whose art is largely hypnotic, must be seen to be believed. Mr. Stanley Lupino's facial expression is nine-tenths of most of his jokes. And though it may be fun to join in the chorus of "'Tis, 'Tisn't, 'Tis," in the stalls and gallery of the London Hippodrome, community singing loses its charm when, however simultaneous, the singing is distributed all over the country, from Land's End to John o' Groats. Moreover, the show seems to have been devised to appeal to the congenitally unintelligent, who thrive in packs. I defy the authors themselves to narrate the plot. I challenge the one responsible for such jokes as: "I saved four hundred lives this morning"—"What did you do?"—"Opened the pubs an hour earlier" to come forward and claim authorship. And I rejoice in the success I feel confident the piece will achieve, because that means all the longer before I have to see its successor.

THESE being hard words, let me hasten, if I can, to say something nice. Mr. Lupino is thoroughly up to form, working nineteen to the dozen, not to say three dozen to the nineteen, and continually reminding us that if this were a Christmas pantomime we should be much less critical. Late in the evening, when those who have been laughing all along feel themselves incapable of laughing any more, and those who haven't laughed once feel themselves incapable of laughing at all, he scores a triumph in a duel that ranks with the comic classics. Miss Day, branching out, begins in a vein of broad comedy that suggests a hitherto unsuspected range. More power to her elbow, and the devil take the charm. Late in the evening she reverts, with white piano, to cabaret, singing two songs with unanswerable skill, but following them up with a lamentable ditty on the hard life of the cabaret artist, which is not the first ditty of the kind she has required us to sit through. One gathers that when cabaret artists embark on their nightly turn, they are really thinking about the trees and the breeze and the fountains and the mountains. "Where," she moans, "Where are the song birds Who never sing wrong words?" Omitting, by the way, to mention that they never sing wrong rhymes either.

IT goes without saying that *The Fleet's Lit Up* should be all about the Navy. We start with recruiting by the Round Pond. We end with the Spithead Review. The middle of the sandwich is a flash-back to the pirates of the eighteenth century, with Miss Adèle Dixon, who strides about most of the evening trying to convince us that she is a lady dictator, as Mary Read. This scene ends with guns and a sinking ship, which spectacular effect strikes one as mid-Victorian rather than either eighteenth century or up to date. But if there is one reason why this piece should not be broadcast, there is none why it should not be filmed—in which case we may count on the spectacular naval battle to be something like.

Mary Read (Adèle Dixon)

Blackbeard (Stanley Lupino)

Song and dance by Frances Day and Ralph Reader

Sketches by Rouson

Cannons of Hollywood

An August Engagement

Lord George Scott and Miss Molly Bishop

Lord George Francis John Montagu Douglas Scott and Mary Wina Mannin Bishop announced their engagement last week. Lord George Scott is the late Duke of Buccleuch and the Duchess of Buccleuch's youngest child, and the Duchess of Gloucester's younger brother. He is in the 10th Hussars (whose uniform he wears at right) and is a member of the Royal Company of Archers. Molly Bishop is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. O. Bishop, of Andover Down, Hampshire. She is well known as an artist; she won the Princess Louise gold medal at twelve, and the Royal Drawing Society's medal for portraits at seventeen. She has been a regular contributor to the "Bystander" since 1934 and in 1936 she took over the "Celebrities in Cameo" series. A drawing by Miss Bishop in this series of Lord Burghley, whose wife is her fiancé's sister, appears on p. 363

Vandyk

Films of the Day

Faith in a Tricky Experiment

By George Campbell

"GORGEOUS, isn't it?" said Mr. Geoffrey Toye, as we stood before one of the sets for *The Mikado*, which he is producing at Pinewood. And gorgeous it certainly was. The sets have been designed by an artist of European reputation, M. Marcel Vertes. Immensely experienced though he is in the designing of décor and costumes for the stage, M. Vertes has never before worked for a film producer, and here he had a chance to let himself go.

Beginning with the premise that Gilbert's Titipu is a Ruritanian Japan, where realism has no place, M. Vertes has given a free rein to his colour sense and his flair for the fantastic. Through his vast and lovely sets runs a subtle humour that goes perfectly with the story. His colour themes, suggested by old Japanese prints, are poems in pastel—the softest of pinks and blues and yellows, amongst which nothing so vulgarly robust as a sky blue or a grass green has been allowed to stray.

Mr. Toye—hardly an unbiased observer, but certainly an intelligent one—claims that the colour photography will be used in *The Mikado* not merely to tell a story but to create moods and point character. I have heard this said of other colour films that turned out in the end to be just colour films, but I really believe that this time there may be something in it.

TECHNICALLY, *The Mikado* is one of the most difficult productions ever attempted. The photography has taxed all the resources of Natalie Kalmus, wife of the inventor of Technicolor, who has been supervising. For the wigs and make-up, an expert, Ernest Westmore, had to be brought all the way from Hollywood. It is the task of Mr. Westmore—a burly fellow who looks more like a wrestler—to turn the members of the cast into Japanese. To find a make-up that would do this, and at the same time satisfy the cameras, meant months of laborious research. After hundreds of tests Mr. Westmore is said to have evolved flesh tones never before photographed, and designed a special make-up for each of the 300 members of the cast. The effect, I hear, depends on a secret process that gives the complexion the delicacy of porcelain.

The wigs, which have ruined so many costume pictures, offered yet another problem. After visiting the British Museum, and studying the Japanese paintings and prints, Mr. Westmore designed wigs to harmonise with M. Vertes' décor—touched gracefully with fantasy but in no way eccentric.

The music has been treated with the same loving care. A first-rate director with an expert knowledge of music was essential. The only man with both qualifications is Victor Schertzinger, noted as a light composer and as the man who made Grace Moore's *One Night of Love*. With Mr. Schertzinger's experience in making musicals, and Mr. Toye's experience of the Savoy operas, Sullivan has a pretty good chance of sleeping through the great test undisturbed.

Whether Gilbert will escape so easily remains to be seen. Mr. Toye himself made the adaptation. This in itself is a guarantee that there will be none of those liberties that Garrick took with Shakespeare. We shall not be diverted by any such preliminary announcement as that which made the Fairbanks - Pickford *Taming of the Shrew* memorable—"Comedy by William Shakespeare. Additional dialogue by Sam Taylor." My only fear is that Mr. Toye may have handled the script too reverently. The Savoyards may groan, but the first essential in a moving picture is that it shall move, and if dialogue holds it up, the dialogue must go. Let's face the fact that some of the topical jokes in Gilbert and Sullivan are now pretty pointless, anyway.

Of the cast only one player means anything to the film public—the young American, Kenny Baker. A favourite on the radio, Mr. Baker has appeared in two or three films, including *The Goldwyn Follies*. He is not very handsome, and he is not a very gifted actor, but he does possess a nice voice, and who else was in the running, anyhow? As Mr. Toye pointed out, if you exclude the tired tenors, and the men who can sing but bring in no money, there are only half a dozen in the world to choose from, and Mr. Baker alone is young enough to play Nanki-poo.

FOR the most part though, Mr. Toye has assumed that the real stars are Gilbert and Sullivan. He thinks no other stars are needed. My own opinion is that he is optimistic. The genuine Savoyard can never get it into his head that to the vast majority of film fans the magic names mean nothing at all. Or if they do mean anything, they mean, like Shakespeare's, "Keep Out." Perhaps I am cynical, but I can't help remembering the difficulty Warners' had in trying to put over their £300,000 *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is said that the only parts of the Middle West in which the film did reasonable business were those where the advertisements featured Joe E. Brown and James Cagney in huge block letters and slipped in William Shakespeare's name in diamond—which, in case you don't happen to know, is very small indeed.

Of course, it may be different with Gilbert and Sullivan. Mr. Toye's theory is that all over the world there is a huge public waiting for *The Mikado*. He believes most of the film fans will be interested, and that apart from them there is a large section of the public which the average film doesn't touch. I only hope, for the sake of all concerned, that he's right.

The Filming of "The Mikado"

At Pinewood under the direction of Geoffrey Toye the first Gilbert and Sullivan film is being made; the two actors here are Jean Colin and Kenny Baker, as Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo. Mr. George Campbell, our film critic, discusses the production of "The Mikado" on this page

Lee Garmes

Lady Charles Cavendish, who was Adèle Astaire

It is six years since *Debrett* stole from the stage one of its brightest lights, and since then the name of Lady Charles Cavendish has often appeared in social registers, but that of Adèle Astaire has rarely appeared in theatre news. Last year it was announced that she was to play in the Buchanan-Clair-Chevalier film *Break the News*, but her part did not suit and June Knight took it. While brother Fred keeps the Astaire name in electric-lights, Adèle rusticates in County Waterford with her husband, who is the Duke of Devonshire's only brother. She has found another kind of charm in Lismore Castle, with its salmon-fishing, its ivy'd keeps looking on to Blackwater River, its eleven-century-old yew walks. But we wish someone would bring her back

Young Women Who Work (5)

Photographs by Radial Press Service

Miss Bligh—Mannequin

Susan Bligh with her mischievous smile, slender figure and lovely nymph face, is one of Mayfair's leading Glamour Girls, always smart on a not very large budget, always surrounded by beaux. She has a nine till six job as mannequin. Her artist father, who had a one-man show two years ago, is the brother of a musical and artistic peer—Lord Darnley

Miss Bligh—Television Hostess

Jasmine Bligh was appointed Announcer-Hostess, Directorate of Television ("Television Hostess") by the B.B.C. in 1936. She is too busy to go about so much as sister Susan, but that does not prevent her from being another of Mayfair's Glamour Girls; good-humoured and decorative

Miss Graham Hutchison—Dress Designer

Barbara Graham Hutchison, daughter of the Laird of Balmaghie, is one of the trio—the other two are Russians—who run a new dress house. They designed the wedding cortège for her sister Catherine, now Mrs. John Hopwood

Miss Raeburn—Actress

Patricia Raeburn, after dramatic school, is doing well in provincial repertory, is not afraid of hard work, possesses considerable talent and a charming presence. A Mürren ski-ing star since babyhood, in '35 she won the Scottish Ski Championship, aged sixteen. Granddaughter of Sir William Raeburn, Glasgow

Princess Bagration

Princess Natasha Bagration-Moukhransky, a cousin, through her mother, H.H. Princess Tatiana-Constantinovna of Russia, of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, is private secretary to the head of a fashion house. The Bagrations ruled over Georgia from 574 to the nineteenth century, and legend has it King David was among their ancestors. A charming, courageous girl

Miss Innes-Ker—Photographer

Jean Innes-Ker who is studying colour photography, a complicated technical process, has distinguished, interesting looks and a half-American first cousin—the Duke of Roxburghe. Her own mother, Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, is American, lives in Oxford Square. She married the late Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, the seventh Duke's son, in 1907

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Clarissa Spencer-Churchill

Clarissa Churchill is at the moment one of the basking crowds such as you see on pp. 376-7; she left London last week for a fortnight's visit to Venice. It is four months since she was presented at the May Court by her mother, Lady Gwendeline Churchill, who is Lord Abingdon's aunt. Her father, Major John Churchill, fought through two wars with distinction (D.S.O. and three foreign decorations); he is the only brother of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose last volume of the life of the great Churchill has just been published. Major and Lady Gwendeline Churchill live in Chester Terrace in town, with a country home at Holworth House, Dorchester. They have two sons

"The Adventures of Marco Polo"

Hollywood Swoops on 13th Century Asia

***This Tartar chieftain** is not at all master at his own table, so he welcomes the Venetian traveller who distracts his wife Nazama: Binnie Barnes and Alan Hale*

*"**My Mar-rco!**" whispers Princess Kukachin, who is destined for another but never reaches him: Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie, Lotus Lui*

IT is a far call from Hollywood to Eastern Asia in the thirteenth century, but Samuel Goldwyn has dauntlessly swooped on to Kublai's empire for the setting of the film now at the Odeon. *The Adventures of Marco Polo* was made entirely in California. Gary Cooper is well cast as the Venetian whose travels make Peter Fleming look like a tripper. Opposite him as Princess Kukachin is Sigrid Gurie, who hoaxed her way into the part ("Bystander" frontispiece, August 31st). Despite some good period costumes and décor, the film does not set out to attempt a picture of Marco or his times. It is a comedy-satire in an original and romantic setting

*"**Ha, my proud beauty!**" says the wicked Prince Ahmed to Kukachin; Kublai hates giving away his daughter, but has no option: Basil Rathbone, Sigrid Gurie, George Barbier (below)*

Lifar in the name part of "Icare," his ballet without music, first given in Paris in July 1935, and in London in July 1938

Icarus, exhorted by his ambitious father, Daedalus, studies methods of flying

He catches a dove and anxiously watches its beating wings

He fastens the wings made by his father, and tries fruitlessly to use them

Serge Lifar

Dancer and "Choreauthor"

To prove his theory that ballet can exist without music, Serge Lifar has written two articles, a book (recently published in France) and three ballets. The first of the ballets, *Icare*, was given during the Drury Lane season of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Lifar, first dancer, choregrapher and maître de ballet of the Paris Opera, came over to dance in it, and also in *Giselle*. J. E. Szyfer, conductor of the Paris Opera, also came over to conduct the percussion rhythms (composed by Lifar and orchestrated by Szyfer) which accompany *Icare*. It is doubtful whether the audience was completely convinced of the theory by seeing and hearing the ballet, even if they had been prepared by the two articles which had been republished in the *Dancing Times*, or however much they admired the energy and drama which Lifar puts into his tremendously long solo dance. Besides his theory, Lifar has presented to the world a new word, "choreauthor" ("one who creates novel dances or ballets") to replace "choregrapher" ("too rich in incongruous meanings"). The Monte Carlo company returned to London on Monday for a short season at Covent Garden. Lifar is announced as dancer and maître de ballet, but *Icare* does not appear in the first two weeks' programmes

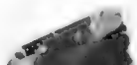
Photographs by Anthony

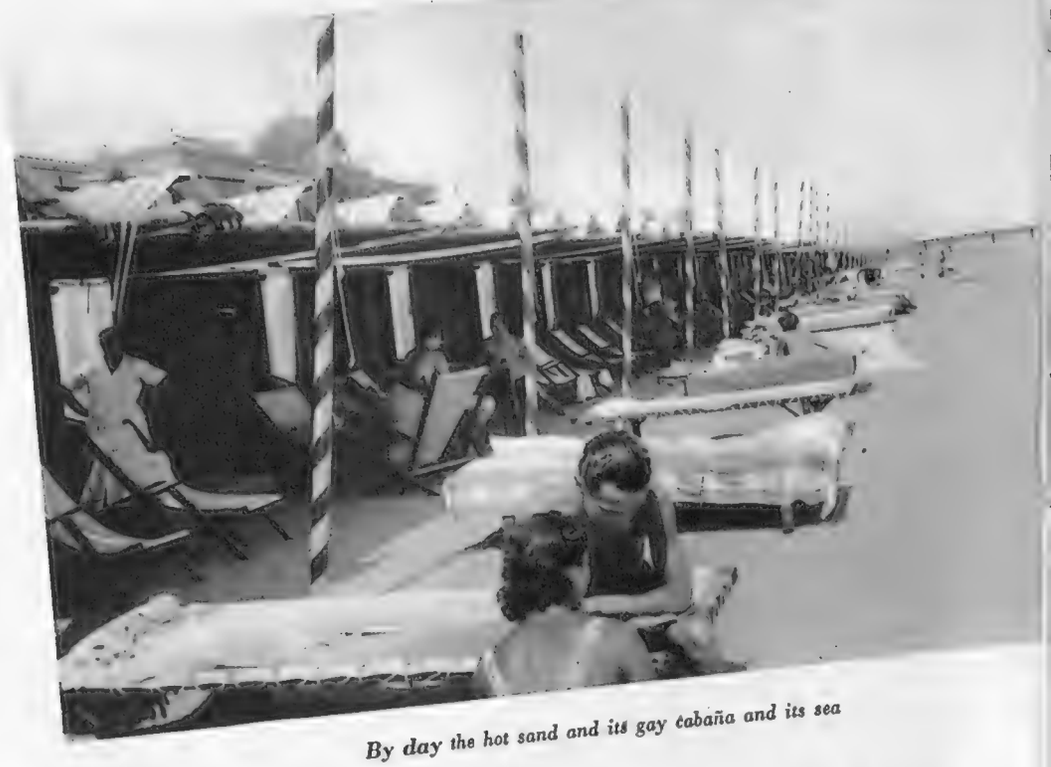
As Count Albrecht in "Giselle," first given in Paris in June 1841

At last the wings quiver and stiffen in the breeze—and he can fly towards the sun

But one wing's wax fastening melts in the heat and the flyer hurtles to the earth

He struggles to his feet, but he is dying: the flight is over





By day the hot sand and its gay cabaña and its sea

The Lido, Crowded but Exclusive

1. Baroness André Herzog, who has her bathing-suit inside out in this picture, is one of the most beautiful women on the Lido

2. The Hon. Anne Curzon wears a Mexican hat and a swim-suit with complicated tasselled cords. She is fifteen, Lord Scarsdale's eldest daughter

3. Sun-glassed Mrs. Ronnie Senior sits with freckled Mr. Charles Oppenheim, who had come on from Brioni. She shares a flat on the Grand Canal with Mrs. Essex Drury (see No. 8)

4. Mme. Lacloche sits with Tullio Carminati, who in Venice is on his native soil and is also at home with the film magnates gathered for the conference

5. Mr. William Leveson-Gower is the owner of a magnificent palazzo on the Grand Canal. Comtesse Guy de Cramayel is Sir John Latta's daughter

By night the fine new casino and its tables and its cinema

6. The only picture with the Adriatic in it is of Mr. Charles Alvar - Harding and Baroness Kuffner. She paints in Paris under her maiden name of Tamara de Lempecka

7. Lady Iris Mountbatten, back from Brioni, looks delicious in a smock frock outside the cabaña shared by her mother, Lady Carisbrooke, with the Queen of Spain

8. Mrs. Essex Drury, who shares a Venice flat with the Hon. Mrs. Ronnie Senior, is Mrs. Philip Kindersley's sister; her beach suit was pale yellow

9. Sylvia Countess Poulett had arrived at Venice by car from Lausanne via Cannes and Monte Carlo

10. Lady Juliet Duff holds court on the Casino Beach. Here she wears a hat of straw with her linen suit and sailor scarf

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir Arthur Salter, of Oxford

James Arthur Salter, Knight of the Bath, has three claims to be called "of Oxford": he was born there, he is a Professor of the University and a burgess. In fact, he (like Lord Nuffield) is a local boy who made good. He was born to the Quaker James E. Salter in 1881. He went from Oxford High School to Brasenose College, won a first in Classics and the Senior Hulme Scholarship, landed at the transport department of the Admiralty. He became its assistant director in the second year of the war, and in 1918 the son of Thames boatbuilders found himself chairman of the allied maritime transport executive. At the end of the war and after, Salter's interests became more and more economic (he now writes on the subject) and the secretaryship of the Reparation Commission led to the chairmanship of the League's finance section. This he held till 1931, went on missions to India and China, collected numerous foreign decorations until, in 1934, he was recalled to his birthplace to take the chair of Political Theory and Institutions. Last year he joined A. P. Herbert at Westminster as an Independent Burgess. He is a Fellow of All Souls, outside which he stood to be photographed

"Bystander" Short Story No. 155

Not Idle Tears

By John Brophy

Illustrated by Lowen

It is unusual for a young unmarried woman of no more than moderate means to own a collection of pictures. Many people have wondered how Mary Bablock came by hers, and all sorts of explanations have been put forward over the tea-cups and the cocktail-glasses. Most of the gossips thought there must be something scandalous somewhere, for it cannot be denied that Mary is easy to look at. Men perk up when she enters a room. Other women notice a thing like that.

Doubtless the device she used for her picture-collecting was scandalous, and doubtless it depended in part on her clear-cut features, her big, wistful eyes, and her supple, slender figure. But the gossips were far out when they hinted that there was some man of means in the background paying the bills. Mary acquired her pictures with her own money. She could not have done it if she had been plain, but equally she might have been as luscious as Helen of Troy and Cleopatra combined and still have got no pictures except in that traditional give-and-take manner she scorned. Mary was not that sort of girl. She got her pictures by using her brains, and never put her virtue to the slightest hazard.

This is the true and only authorised story of how she did it. Her pictures are not merely "modern": they are one and all the work of contemporary painters. That is an essential part of Mary's plan of campaign. This story will also reveal for the first time how it is that, although Mary was one of the first critics, professional or amateur, to recognise the genius of Evelyn Westermain, there is not a single Evelyn Westermain canvas on her walls.

It all began when she was at school, in the fourth form, and discovered that she possessed the rare and estimable ability to shed tears at will. She did not abuse her talent: she kept it in reserve for emergencies, to avert the wrath of her schoolmistresses whenever she had turned in an especially bad exercise or had been convicted of breaking some of the innumerable rules designed to keep the girls hearty and wholesome. Afterwards, when she ventured out into the big world of London, she thought for a time of taking up the stage: an actress who could shed visible and apparently endless tears without the adventitious aid of slivers of onion concealed in a handkerchief, ought, she imagined, to be a furore in Shakespeare, Chekhov and Eugene O'Neill. But the managers seemed to think there was more to it than that. Even when she gave a free demonstration and shed briny drops all over their desks and diamond tie-pins, they only held her hand, invited her out to supper, and left the question of a stage engagement in the air.

For some time the only use Mary could find for her voluntary control of her tear-ducts was to get herself out of dilemmas with young men she had led on to expect more than she was prepared to yield. There was a lot of fun in that, but nothing which could be reckoned profit. By this time she had discovered her passion for contemporary art, but it had not yet occurred to her that she might ever become the owner of some of the canvases she admired so ecstatically. Her father allowed her what she considered something less than sufficient for dressing herself and amusing herself about town in a circumspect manner. As for pictures, she could go to exhibitions at various galleries, get out books about art from the library, and subscribe to a few advanced magazines.

Then one day she read a newspaper article, one of those articles full of sound psychological advice in snippy, snappy paragraphs. It told her that success in life depended on realising one's chief natural talent and exploiting it for all one was worth. "Now what," Mary asked herself, "is my chief natural talent?" She thought, and she thought again, but the only thing which seemed to distinguish her from other girls was this ability to shed tears at will. Exasperated, she almost sat down to compose a letter to the best-selling novelist who had written the article, asking him how the devil he would set about exploiting a talent as trivial and unpromising as that, when the great idea came to her. For the first time she saw a possible cause-and-effect relationship between her tear-ducts and her passion for modern pictures.

She put the idea to the test the same afternoon, for a friend had given her a ticket to the private view of a one-man show at the Lamartine Galleries. The painter was Eugene Tatt, whom Mary knew by sight. Moreover, she admired his work. It made her feel rapturous even to dream of possessing a real Eugene Tatt—in an unpainted frame, of course.

She appeared early, made sure that Tatt, with his well-known orange-tawny beard and check shirt, was present, and wandered round very quietly by herself. She spoke to no one; she asked no questions. She was careful and unimpetuous by nature, and she wanted to make sure which of all these pictures she liked the best. After half an hour she had made her choice. It was not a large canvas, but decidedly unusual even for Eugene Tatt: a study of a woman's hands, one drawing a glove on to the other. In one corner was a human mouth, dexterously lip-sticked, floating on a cloud. It was called "The Chilterns."

Mary settled in front of it, and stared and stared. She stared so long that presently the other people in the room began to turn and look at her, Tatt himself among them. She held herself perfectly still, and smoothed her face to an expression of adoration. And presently, without a sound of a sigh or a sob, tears began to stream down her cheeks.

It was not long before Eugene Tatt was at her side. And then, experimentally, but with decision and confidence, Mary began to put into practice her new technique.

"I say, what's the matter?" asked Tatt.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," said Mary. "Only, it's so beautiful! So very beautiful!"

The painter gave his picture a quick, proud glance and then looked at Mary again. He produced a handkerchief, a little stained with pigments, but large, to reinforce Mary's little wisp of cambric and lace, which was already sodden.

"I'm so glad you like it," he said—and did not know that he had lowered his voice, that they were almost whispering to each other. It was really touching, this spectacle of a woman reduced to tears before the newest work of a living master. It showed you that the world was not so hard and sophisticated after all. He would have been equally moved had anyone else wept like this; the fact that the tearful lady was young and rather lovely was quite irrelevant, of course.

But Mary repudiated his interpretation as inadequate.

"Like!" she whispered. "'Like' isn't the word. I adore it. It's so significant. It has overtones. It reverberates in the imagination." She knew all the right jargon.

"I called it 'The Chilterns,'" said Tatt, "because——"

"I know! I know!" cried Mary. "I've loved that poem ever since I was

(Concluded on page ii)

CARRERAS LTD.—150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

The Freedom of the Air

By Charles Ward

Students at Hamble checking their course before departure on a flight to the Continent. Practical navigation forms an important part of A.S.T. pupils' training. The 'plane is a "Dragonfly," built at Hatfield by de Havillands

Commercial Rivalry

CIVIL aviation as we know it to-day was born after the European War, and is suffering from the same restrictions as those imposed on the countries of Europe who fought against us—namely, limitation of territory and scope of operation. Each country claims the freedom of the air above its own state and has set up artificial frontiers that cannot be maintained indefinitely. There are corridors of entry and exit. These are necessary for Customs purposes, so long as the present tariff barriers exist, but they are maintained principally for purposes of defence. Flying could be developed for the benefit of civilisation, but, unfortunately, more attention is paid to its destructive possibilities. Commercial companies engaged on their lawful business of transport and trading, find themselves hampered at every turn by the politicians. We do not operate to certain countries because they cannot offer alternative services to cater for half the load. If the air routes of the world were thrown open to international competition, the best aircraft and personnel would secure the bulk of the traffic. Everywhere we see the result of subsidised competition, and the nation with the most bases overseas and the best trade connections takes the cream on any particular route. In North and South America, the United States has established a monopoly, which it will retain for many years to come. Our own preserve, that of catering for the Empire, is challenged on the route to Australia by the Dutch, and to the Far East by the Dutch and the French. To America, both North and South, we are competing with the Americans, French and Germans, to be followed later by the Dutch and Italians. This would be fine if facilities for other nations were the same as our own, but politics, with an eye to advantages in case of war, constantly upset commercial plans. Until the present state of unrest in Europe is settled, there can be no hope of free trading facilities on international air routes, but such an ideal is one that should be kept in the foreground. Our defensive measures are intended solely for peace and for trade, but whilst they are being perfected, civil aviation is getting a poor deal.

Foreign Achievements

AMERICAN and German 'planes have figured prominently in the news during the past few weeks. Howard Hughes topped his flight round the world by travelling from California to the Atlantic coast of America with a crew of three in 10½ hours, using the same Lockheed type 14. This compares favourably with his own record in a racing machine of 7½ hours for the same distance. Now Major Seversky, the well-known aircraft designer, has flown from East to West in 10 hours. The flight from Berlin to New York and back, 25 hours outward bound and 20 hours home, has drawn attention once more to the efficiency of German aircraft. Incidentally, international "service" promised by the amalgamation of Anglo and Vacuum, scored its first notable success by this flight—both fuel and oil were supplied by Intava. The Focke Wulf "Condor" is being bought abroad. Danish Air Lines have one in service between London and Oslo, a route over which four engines are an insurance against an unpleasant forced landing during winter-time. British Airways announces delivery of two of its four Lockheed 14's from America. These are being erected and tested at Southampton Airport, prior to inaugurating a service to Lisbon, the first stage in our line to South America. We are already several years late in linking London with Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and other capitals of that continent, for the French and Germans have flown the South Atlantic regularly since 1933.

American boy scouts boarding a T.W.A. "Douglas" at Kansas City for a joy-ride to the Boulder Dam. They are members of a Rover Troop raised by the company from amongst their youthful employees, and the flight plus a week in camp was a reward for good work during the year

On the Home Front

THE development of aerodromes, their use by regular transport companies and the production of new civil types, proceeds slowly. Heston is being enlarged to cater for British Airways' growing traffic, and the airport will be connected by a direct railway line to Paddington. Gatwick is becoming an important Service training centre and will be lost to civil aviation for some time. Lullingstone still marks time as a collection of fields, bounded by hedges and ditches, whilst Fairlop Plain, to the East of London, is being cleared for flying activity. There is to be restriction on domestic air routes similar to that imposed on 'bus services. Licences will be required, with the object of preventing cut-throat competition. It seems unlikely that the Junction Scheme for a central aerodrome at Manchester or Liverpool will be put into practice. The unfortunate accident to the "Albatross," although easily preventable in future models, has dislocated our programme for the autumn over the North and South Atlantic. Interest in the Civil Air Guard has obscured an earlier movement sponsored by the Air League to train boys for duty on aerodromes. Two squadrons of Cadets have been formed—at Leicester and at Watford. Twenty thousand Cadets are needed.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Despot, a Taxi-driver and a Storekeeper

By V. S. Pritchett

South America is made for the connoisseur of despots. They have ranged from the comic-opera general to the half-Indian sadist; from the romantic Napoleonics of Bolivar to the brutal cattle-dealing craftiness of old man Gomez who, until his recent death, divided the revenue of Venezuela among his family and sent all opposition to the dungeon or into exile. It must be admitted that Bolivar in his despair had said that his countrymen would only be governed by tyrants; and that South America has inherited the Spanish weakness for flamboyant authority and patriarchal forms of government. Yet even in the history of South American despotism the name of Francisco Solano Lopez, dictator of Paraguay in the 'sixties of last century, is a black one. The population of Paraguay before the war into which he dragged the country was 1,300,000; after the war it was just over 200,000 and the women outnumbered the men by four to one. Eliza Lynch, the Irish mistress of Lopez, shares the responsibility for this devastation. She never admitted it, of course, and in her old age regarded herself in proper Irish fashion as a bitterly wronged woman.

The story of Lopez's career, his mistress and the war, has been told several times by foreign eyewitnesses. The late Cunninghame Graham, in his impetuous amateur fashion, did a very readable Life three or four years ago, and though he may have swallowed all the propaganda against Lopez, his book goes deeper than the latest one, *Woman on Horseback*, by William E. Barrett (Peter Davies; 12*s.* 6*d.*), which is a muddle of detachment and defence. Not all the sentiment about Lopez's grand passion for the Lynch can charm away the fact that the cowardice and vanity of this neurotic were whipped up by her fanaticism, until a bandy little ape in uniform was roaring with a megalomania which has been paralleled since only by pure Aryans in Central Europe. Yet she and Lopez were the creatures of their time. It was a misfortune that when Lopez went to Paris in his youth to buy armaments he should have arrived in the midst of the Second Empire; and that instead of the Napoleon he had been taught by the priests to admire, he should come across a ham actor like Napoleon III. And in that gaudy and second-rate society, the Lynch herself had exchanged the intemperate innocence of the Irish for their passion for intrigue and cutting a figure. Her match with the half-caste was a liaison of beauty with the beast and one sympathises with her. She made an impression in Asuncion, even persuaded it to cultivate the arts. There was a not altogether pathetic attempt to introduce the elegances of Paris and she made the ignorant conventionality of the creoles look as grotesque as it was. But as the wife of Bath observed, power is the great desire of women and Lopez with his ambition to be the Napoleon of the River Plate and too stupid to succeed alone, was irresistible material.

The wonder is, as one reads the story, that neither of them was assassinated.

"It's Draughty in Front"

That is the title of the autobiography of the scholar-taxi-driver Herbert Hodge, which is reviewed on this page. Here the publisher, Mr. Michael Joseph, congratulates the thirty-seven-year-old autobiographer

(There is a public monument to Lopez in Paraguay to-day.) The answer may be partly Lopez's own—that the people liked his tyranny; and masochists are naturally attached to the sadists. But there is also the consideration that anyone who breathed against him was soon in gaol and both he and his mistress had a service of espionage backed by torture which did not stop even at the members of his family. The earlier and more orderly part of Mr. Barrett's narrative is the most readable. But there is too much flesh-creeping prose, too much imaginary dialogue—after all, Mme. Lynch left no memoirs from which to deduce what she said—and too much Hollywood Tudor—

"He laughed deep in his chest. 'The wench has spirit,' he said. 'She pleases me already.'"

But the picture of Lopez in his last days is not too melodramatic. Gross, his paunch wobbling, full of religion and his honour, and tortured by bad teeth, which he continuously swilled with brandy, he was run down like a rat by the Brazilian lances. "I die with my country," he cried. It was only too true.

"It's Draughty in Front" (Michael Joseph; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is the autobiography of Herbert Hodge, the taxi-driver whose talks on the wireless have been rightly admired. Simply written and with a pleasing stoicism and good sense, the book describes a working-class childhood around Paddington, a childhood spent with a religious mother who had come down in the world and a disappointed and fantastic father, an upholsterer by trade, who drowned his woes in drink. Mr. Hodge spent many years trying to write and there is no immaturity in this book; he understands his experience. And once more—I am thinking of Mr. Frank Tilsley's autobiography—he shows how heavy the odds are against escape from the working class, though middle-class people are under the delusion that it must be very simple. One point strikes me; this is Mr. Hodge's unusual satisfaction with the degree of freedom he has found possible in broadcasting. Very few creative writers would agree with him about this; and it makes me wonder, with some misgiving, about the relative value given to freedom in the various classes. It is a fact that in countries where the working and lower middle classes have taken control—Russia and Germany—a very limited freedom, far less than was known before, has been hailed as emancipation. Mr. Hodge is most engrossing about his trade, especially about its finances. The public knows far too little about the job of the man next door. I strongly recommend this very human book.

Arnold Bennett was always urging someone to write the story of the big shops, and now Mr. R. S. Lambert has done it for Whiteleys in *The Universal Provider* (Harrap; 10*s.* 6*d.*). The theory is that old Wm. Whiteley got the idea from the Great Exhibition in the 'fifties. But for his murder by his supposed illegitimate son, which aroused all kinds of rumours about his private life, Whiteley as a character would be no more worth a book than any other enterprising fellow who sold things for more than he paid; the interest lies in the story of the changes in the drapery trade. This is fascinating, for a complete revolution in social habits lies between the time when assistants practically manhandled the reluctant customer and the subtle diffidence of to-day's public school boy.

The short stories of Luigi Pirandello, *A Character in Distress* (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and the new number of *Penguin Parade* contains nothing outstanding. Pirandello wrote hundreds of stories and a better collection than this one, *The Naked Truth*, was published some years ago. The present set show Pirandello at those rather tedious paradoxical tricks which passed for wit among the animated Italians, and for metaphysics among English highbrows. The opening story telling how he interviews his characters on Saturday nights and the difficulty he has with them, is typical, and is the evident germ of the *Six Characters*, which started the Pirandello scare in the 'twenties. Archness is his vice, melodrama and the realism of the Sicilian tales are his strong points. But he dates badly.

For those addicted to the good average level of contemporary fiction there are this week, *Dr. Bradley Remembers*, by Francis Brett Young (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*); *Testament*, by R. C. Hutchinson (Cassell; 9*s.*); and *William and Dorothy*, by Helen Ashton (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*).

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Reports from the first collections show many subtle changes but nothing drastic. Skirts are, if anything, shorter and waists lower, while the shoulder line is far less exaggerated than it was last season. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of the afternoon dress shown above. It is carried out in Celanese striped marocain, one of this firm's new autumn fabrics, and is trimmed with unusual buttons pierced with white shoemaker's eyelets. A further touch of white is introduced in the double sash which ties loosely in front. As usual, Celanese have surpassed themselves in their new materials, which include a striped satin bouclé which is very effective, used either on the dull or shiny side, for cinema suits and afternoon frocks. They also have a figured crêpe with a raised design, and a lace jersey which drapes perfectly. For evening they have created a beautiful, printed faille taffeta splashed with rich tropical flowers. This lends itself especially to flowing picture-frocks, and is ideal for those which are strapless and self-supporting

Face Up To Autumn

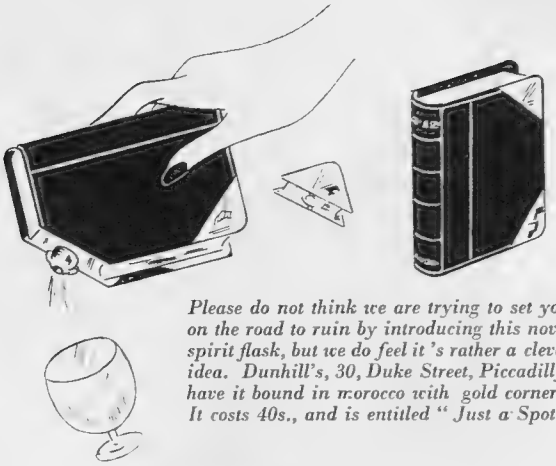
The last relics of summer are only too often faded patches of suntan and a dried-up skin, rather lined about the eyes and mouth. Since this weather-beaten appearance is distinctly unbecoming, Boots have planned a series of preparations designed to recapture the youthful beauty of a faded complexion. These are known as "Number Seven," and may be obtained at all Boots' branches. A free booklet entitled "Beauty" is also available, containing a detailed description of the various preparations. There are three different cleansers, including a Lemon Cream costing 3s. 6d., which is excellent for anyone with a tendency to sallowness. It not only rids the pores of any dirt or dust, but helps to fade out freckles, sunburn and any other discolouration. For quick cleansing during the course of the day there is Number Seven Complexion Milk, which is very refreshing and especially suitable for an oily skin. The latter should be toned after every cleansing, as this will help to reduce open pores and prevent blackheads. Astringent Lotion diluted with water is excellent for tightening sagging muscles, and should be applied with a brisk, patting movement. All the essential preparations, however, are included in the delightfully compact beauty-case above, which can stand on the dressing-table and is easily carried. Below it is a bottle of Boots' new perfume, "Autumn Gold," which reminds one of the fresh fragrance of dew-drenched bracken on a September morning

Scott Bushe

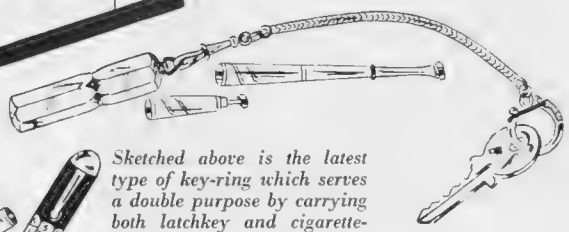
THE BYSTANDER TWINS

in SEARCH OF novelties

discovered by peta
pictured by pam



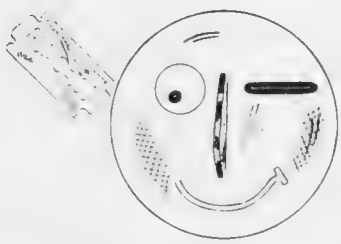
Please do not think we are trying to set you on the road to ruin by introducing this novel spirit flask, but we do feel it 's rather a clever idea. Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly, have it bound in morocco with gold corners. It costs 40s., and is entitled " Just a Spot "



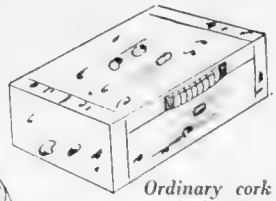
Sketched above is the latest type of key-ring which serves a double purpose by carrying both latchkey and cigarette-holder. The latter is collapsible and fits into a small case the size of a lipstick. Rivoli's in Gooch's, Brompton Road, have it for 3s. 6d., which is also the price of the calendar pencil on the left

Every man tries to avoid filling out the pockets of his dress clothes, and will therefore welcome this expanding silver note-case which can be attached to a watch-chain, and only costs 55s. at Dunhill's. It will hold all the money he wants, and is not much thicker than a wafer

If you want to be fashionable this autumn you will wear a two-colour frock and carry this two-colour bag from Lederer, 45, Brompton Road. It is available in calfskin or black patent leather, threaded with coloured thongs, and only costs 29s. 6d. The inside is lined with tie silk and contains a purse and mirror



Hang " Smiling Sam " on your bathroom wall and let him take charge of your husband's discarded razor-blades. This useful gadget in silver-plated metal only costs 5s. 6d., and may be seen at Rivoli's. The blades are dropped like coins through the slot on the right



Ordinary cork such as was used for the soles of your summer sandals makes this featherweight cigarette-box and flapjack from Dunhill's. They cost 15s. 6d. each and have an unusual appearance which is rather intriguing. The powder-case, piped with coloured leather, is fitted with a sifter and swansdown puff

Lederer's are responsible for the clever idea of designing this chromium beaded necklace and threading it with coloured balls which are interchangeable. It costs 5s. 6d. as sketched, and a shilling extra for every spare ball

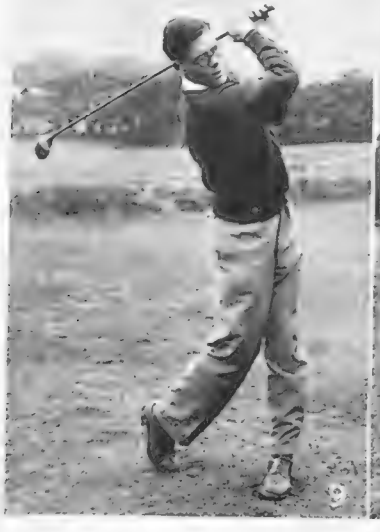
Exciting accessories are the making of a plain frock, and here is something new in belts. Sketched above is an amusing design by Lederer, in black patent leather elaborately perforated and ornamented with gilt motoring signs. It costs 18s. 6d., while the charm bracelet which goes with it is 12s. 6d.

A View of the Club-house

Golf Clubs at Home

Dawlish Warren, Devon

This club lies in a unique position on a spit of sand stretching across the Exe estuary opposite Exmouth. It is a true links course, with sea water on all sides of it but one. The club was founded in 1892, and since then encroachments by the sea as much as golf fashion have made changes in layout. The total length 5507 yards



(1) C. J. Newman (captain). (2) Captain F. S. Richards (secretary). (3) A. G. Fry (ex-captain). (4) Dr. P. H. Stirk (vice-president). (5) Lt.-Col. J. Symons (committee). (6) L. D. Martin (committee). (7) Captain J. D. Drew (committee). (8) J. W. Westell. (9) J. D. H. Iles. (10) W. H. C. Bishop. (11) H. G. A. Richards

Radlett and Pulborough

By Eleanor E. Helme

Two treats have been mine this week in the matter of courses: a first visit to Radlett and a return one to Pulborough. The word "Radlett" used to mean Porter's Park, and conjure up visions of rather steep hills and one of the most meticulously groomed and cared-for courses, to be found with many a mile of London; you felt there as if no blade of grass would ever dare to grow astray, nor grain of sand to shift from out of its ordained position. But now Porter's Park has a very near neighbour, with nothing but a plantation between them, whose name is Radlett, and which ought to be a very healthy rival, providing more open, less hilly golf than the older course and developing in due time into one of the best of park courses. It would be foolish as yet to make extravagant claims for it, for the course was only opened this spring, but the powers-that-be there are going the very surest way to make good—and that is by making haste slowly. There are not rows and rows of bunkers, of which fifty per cent. will need filling-in when the fairways have been walked on for a year and constant play has shown them to be wrongly placed; there are enough to give interest, and some which will definitely and justly mete out punishment to the futile top, but the committee are wisely holding their hand and concentrating first on improving the texture of the greens and fairways. For there is plenty to make the course interesting without artificial aids; long, gentle undulations; some deep hollows with greens at varying distances beyond them; a certain number of trees which will govern shots without impeding them; and, above all, a truly marvellous atmosphere of country open-spaciousness. How many golf courses within twenty miles of Piccadilly Circus—and Radlett is only fourteen—can boast that they harbour a nice litter of cubs and a vixen that barks at their secretary if he plays a shot from too near the earth?

And if you talk of refreshing, may I mention that the club tea at Radlett was quite the best I have ever eaten, even if compared to Ealing or other places where they do cook. The whole club-house is pleasant. So many converted mansions are depressing; not this one, which has been remodelled inside with a steady eye on modern ideas of club-house comfort. One thing struck me forcibly—those really good carpets in the ladies' dressing-rooms. No club with soil of questionable dryness puts down good carpets, particularly self-coloured ones. That was sufficient answer: Radlett is on sandy gravel.

Major Guy Bennett (Sunningdale) and Mrs. I. Lucas (Sandy Lodge) were the first-round victims of the Howards (right). They lost by five and three

***Fathers and daughters** in the early rounds of the Pulborough tournament are the subjects of the pictures on this page. These two are Lieut.-Gen. Sir Geoffrey Howard (Royal St. George's) and Miss C. Howard (Hayling Island)*

PULBOROUGH, officially called West Sussex, is, of course, not park golf, but true heathland of the Sunningdale, Woodhall Spa type. There have been years when grass there has been as sparse as a modern moustache. But last spring a spiked roller was introduced, with almost magical results when you consider the drought which has persisted in that part of Sussex. Really, with the heather at its best, bracken turning, the downs glowering under a thundery sky, Pulborough looked very lovely for the first day of the Father-and-Daughter Foursomes there, and the event, now in its fourth year, was just as delightful a party as ever. It really seemed like a dress rehearsal for the Girls' Championship, only with fathers attached. I hope they will not think themselves slighted, nor that I am belittling their achievements in pulling their daughters through, if I remark that no father there has ever been as good a golfer as some of the daughters will be when they are a little older. Writing at the end of the first round, every couple with a present girl in it has survived, except when slaughtered by another girl, which was Diana Stephens' fate at the hands of Sheila Stroyan, though only after a gallant pull-back.

IT was extremely interesting to see Sonia Vagliano playing with her father instead of Lally, the two having agreed to take the event turn-and-turn-about with him. Without the brilliance of Lally, it is possible to think that the younger sister has the more determined temperament, and may go just as far from sheer concentration. Maureen Ruttle has come on enormously; even Archie Compston, who was sitting by the seventh green lamenting the shortcomings of lady golfers in general, must surely have approved had he seen his pupil's really masterly iron to the long-short sixth, which bit the turf a couple of yards from the pin and stayed half that distance from it. Sheila Stroyan and Diana Stephens I did not see play more than a few shots; nor two newcomers to Stoke Poges, Ann Krabbé and Jeanne Bisgood. But they won, and can be watched to-morrow.

Not that seeing what these players do with a parent at hand is much guide as to how they will fare without it. Only nothing can detract from good technique, or disguise the lack of it.

This is the Vagliano family: Monsieur André, Mlle. Sonia, Madame and Mlle. Lally. The last-named is now defending her "Bystander" Girls' title at Stoke Poges. Monsieur André and Mlle. Sonia beat Mr. Lamplough and Mrs. Tod 2 and 1 in Pulborough's first round

Mr. R. F. Garnham and Miss Kathleen Garnham (Naze) lost to Mr. W. Lees and Mrs. E. Cooch (Northants. County) at the nineteenth. The handicaps of this foursome illustrate the mixed nature of the tournament: from left to right, 16, +2, 11 and 12

Lawn Tennis at St. Moritz

This picture shows play in course during the final for the Kulm Cup at St. Moritz; at the far end is Max Ellmer, who won the Cup for the third year and made it his own by beating Boris Maneff, champion of Switzerland. They also met in the doubles final ("Bystander," August 31). The wooden hut at the top of the picture is the start of the Cresta bobsleigh run

British Players in Switzerland

Michael Condon, Oxford's lawn tennis captain, George Nicolaidis, Cambridge's captain-elect, and Leonard King, Oxford's captain-elect, are spending part of their vacation playing in Swiss and French tournaments. They all did well at St. Moritz, and have now moved on to Monte Carlo

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

SO we come into September, and sharp, misty mornings, and fires again, and only the most stubborn will deny that yet another summer has gone by.

A melancholy reflection, however interesting the world of sport promises to be in the next few months. It seems only yesterday that we were down at Worcester, watching the Australians play their first match.

Now the Test matches of 1938 are merely material for the statisticians, those strange and persistent men. They will have their work cut out to tot up the new records, and *Wisdens* next year will bristle with fresh facts and figures.

Actually, the clutch of records has had the salutary effect of turning our minds again towards real cricket. A correspondent reminds me, however, that, after the Oval match in 1934, when Australia had the luck of the toss, everyone said that never again should we have "timeless tests" on an Oval wicket.

Our memories, however, are short. Already the dust is beginning to settle on the fiasco of 1938. Let us hope that this time there will be no dallying, and that the minute books at Lord's will shortly burgeon with forthright resolutions.

Public opinion on the matter is definite enough. It is against the "timeless" match, and against the over-prepared wicket. And public opinion holds the purse-strings. There is, in short, nothing more to be said.

Before, rather reluctantly, we leave cricket, for another year, congratulations to Yorkshire on winning the county championship for the twentieth time in all. They are great cricketers, these Yorkshiremen, and this summer their triumph is the more remarkable in that their team has been depleted by the calls of representative cricket in eleven county games.

To win 19 matches of the 27 played is a considerable feat. They had eight of their men chosen for England at various times. Injuries have plagued them, notably in their disastrous game with Middlesex at Lord's, when Hutton, Leyland, and P. A. Gibb were put out of action. And, in spite of everything, they have fought their way through to another championship.

They will remember, and so shall we, that rain robbed them of probable victory against the Australians. And they will doubtless attribute much of their success to the captaincy of A. B. Sellers, which has obviously meant a great deal to them.

One other source of strength is their ability to produce young players of high promise. Robinson, an off-break bowler

(*Concluded on page* 390)

The Gilbey Cup at Harrogate

There is no need to go to Europe for polo in August, as Harrogate have their own polo week. In the final for the Gilbey Cup there, Blue Birds beat Kirtlington and received the cup from the donor; the group is Jack Traill, T. L. Paisley, Sir Walter Gilbey, A. W. Mosselmans (captain) and Jim Traill

The Champions at Hove

When P. A. Gibb (right), and Herbert Sutcliffe walked out to start the Yorkshire innings at Hove their side were already county champions by virtue of Middlesex's failure against Surrey. Although Len Hutton was not playing at Hove, a good crowd turned up to watch the champions, who laid the home side low for 77 as a start

A Very Sporting Wager

We salute Mr. "Merrie" Andrew for accepting and winning a bet whose sporting terms are in the best tradition of the wager. Mr. Leslie Hardy, of Seaview, Isle of Wight, laid four sound ponies that no one could complete a course on water-skis behind his motor-boat without getting a ducking. Mr. "Merrie" Andrew took him. In full evening dress he underwent a gruelling test off Seaview, and returned with his hat on and his clothes wet only by spray. Mr. Hardy had to smile and pay up

Mr. "Merrie" Andrew stands up well to the angry waters of Spithead

Mr. Hardy did not lose his £100 for nothing

Some of it will have to go on a new dress suit

H. T. Bartlett of Sussex

The two features of the drawn Sussex-Australians match at Hove were the former going nearer than anyone else bar Yorkshire to worrying the visitors, and the quickest hundred of the season by Bartlett—in 57 minutes. He scored 157

R. B. Proud of Winchester

Winchester's cricket captain, who has played for Hampshire this season, goes up to Brasenose College, Oxford, in October, with an all-round reputation, having also captained the school in soccer, fives, and the Winchester game

Summer Sport

(Continued from page 388)

and all-rounder who should serve them for many years to come, is a case in point, and whenever a gap appears in the ranks, Yorkshire find someone to fill it.

And talking of young players, the Arsenal seem to have spent £13,000 quite profitably in their purchase of Bryn Jones, who already begins to look like a second Alex James.

Jones, the experts tell me, has a remarkably fine positional sense. He whips in the unexpected pass with instinctive cleverness, and all that remains is for the men playing with him to make the most of opportunities which he will assuredly provide. At present neither Leslie Jones nor Bastin are quite quick enough to fit in with him, but before long the Arsenal attack should be brilliant.

There is another player in the news just now—McAloon, of Brentford, an inside-right from Scotland, who appears to have filled out during the summer, so that he must now be regarded as a truly great player in the making. He has already done enough to make Brentford supporters think in terms of championships.

It is good to hear of players emerging from the ruck in Association football, and it would be pleasant to think that we might have equally good news of the Rugby game. Actually, the Rugby season opened last Saturday, at rather a low ebb, partly because the British team will not return from South Africa until the middle of October.

This South African tour has hit the Welsh clubs particularly hard. Swansea, for example, will be without Haydn Tanner and E. Morgan, and as W. T. H. Davies is going to Leeds University, the team will be considerably disorganised. It is sad to realise, moreover, that the great little Cliff Jones has retired, and we shall miss those darting runs of his, even though they were apt to lead to England's discomfiture.

There are signs, however, that some clubs are proposing to take the game rather more seriously. Leicester, for example, have decided only to pick players who are able to turn out for collective practice on specified training nights during the week. This may mean that several well-known names will appear no longer in the side, though I dare say the club will ultimately benefit.

Leicester's policy makes us wonder, though, just how serious Rugby football should be allowed to become. It is obviously right and proper that players should keep themselves as fit as possible. Obviously, also, it is our advantage for a team to meet and discuss tactics during the week. Whether such meetings should be compulsory is altogether another matter.

Rugby football remains, in essence, a Saturday afternoon game for the man who is otherwise occupied from Monday onwards. There is about it a casual atmosphere which has not yet been destroyed by the arbitrary demand of zealous committee-men.

For my part, and doubtless I am quite wrong, the casualness of the game is its main charm. I like to think of players taking their bags to the office on Saturday mornings, and meeting later for their afternoon's amusement in a properly haphazard spirit.

The enthusiast will tell me, with reason, that it is only possible to get the best out of any game by the closest application. If a team, or an individual player, for that matter, wishes to devote spare time to practice, well and good. The attitude is admirable, but it must, in my view, be left to the individual, and not imposed by a committee.

A love of Rugby football only comes through enjoyment, and when we grow too serious about any game, joy very quickly leaves it. And unduly solemn Rugby football is, of all pastimes, the most pernicious, to my way of thinking.

In a day or two, incidentally, we shall be hearing news of our women golfers in America. By past experience we cannot expect them to win the Curtis Cup, and yet all the signs and portents are in their favour.

Our victory in the Walker Cup may inspire them, but even more relevant is the fact that the American women players are not particularly strong just now. Mr. Lawson Page, the American Champion, must be good, and Miss Patty Berg may give us trouble, but the opposition is decidedly weak by comparison with past years, when such tigresses as Miss Glenna Collett were in the full flush of their powers.

It is unfortunate that the British team will be without Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. Marjorie Garon, but we have seven most capable and determined players. Good luck to them!

To end, a note on the news that Max Baer is all set to come over and meet the winner of the Doyle-Phillips fight some time in October. This sounds like a money-spinner, for Baer is still good box-office, but it would mean postponing the scrap for the vacant British title between the Doyle-Phillips winner and Len Harvey.

Anything may happen in the boxing game, so prognostication would be dangerous. The odds are, nevertheless, that Baer will forsake his present unwilling inactivity in the States, and come over to pick up any loose cash which may be hanging around here. We should be glad to see him, and if it turns out that he would have to meet Doyle, I imagine that Harringay would be stuffed to bursting-point for the occasion.

Politician in the Butts

Lieut.-Col. the Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, who has represented Pollock since the war with great distinction, was one of Sir Charles Barclay-Harvey's guns on Dunnet Moors

Pilot in the Butts

Wing Commander E. H. Fielden, who is the first holder of the newly-created title, Master of the King's Flight, shot over Captain C. J. Reid Walker's moors at Clune, Inverness-shire

WHITE CITY'S MAÎTRE D'HOTEL

"PAUL" PAMPERS THE GREYHOUND RACING GOURMETS

"Mel" apparently thinks dynamic is one of the words for Paul Adam — recently-appointed Maître d'Hotel at White City Restaurant. Thousands of those who appreciate the good things of this world knew Paul when he was in charge of the French Room at Manchester's Midland Hotel. He won fresh glory as Restaurateur at the recent South African Empire Exhibition at Jo'burg whither he took his own staff and supplies, arranging for special delicacies to be sent out weekly by air. We understand that for the glass-enclosed White City Restaurant Paul has designed entirely new kitchens, rumoured to be among Europe's finest; and those who visit him there will find him surrounded by a specially picked staff, including leaders from Ciro's and the Embassy. They will also find the greyhound racing as a perpetual cabaret, while in the background Paul conjures up his own brand of impeccable cuisine and smooth service.

Issued by The Greyhound Racing Association

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Golfing Marriage

JUST after they had won the mixed foursomes tournament, which takes place after the Championships of Germany at Frankfurt-am-Main, Miss Diana Fishwick and Brig.-General A. C. Critchley were married in Paris and left to catch the Normandie to spend their honeymoon in the United States of America, where they will play some golf, and where, no doubt, they will play with some of the leading professionals resident in that country. They have both had a good year on the golf course, and General Critchley did not miss marrying the lady amateur golf champion by very much. Miss Fishwick was beaten in the fourth round at Burnham by Mrs. A. M. Holm. I saw this match and was convinced (and made my opinion known) that the winner would win the Championship.

Miss Fishwick's first success in big golf was in 1930, when she won the Ladies' Championship. In 1929 she reached the final of the Ladies' English Close Championship, only to be beaten by 6 and 5 by Miss Molly Gourlay. In the final of 1930 Miss Fishwick, who was under twenty years of age, had had little experience, and was opposed to Miss Glenna Collett, a most experienced player, who had won the American Women's Championship in the two previous years, and also twice previously, and who, the year before, had almost given Miss Joyce Wethered a fright in the final at St. Andrews, and certainly would have done if it had been possible at that time to give this lady a fright on the golf course. In the final of the Ladies' Championship of 1929, after eleven holes had been played, Miss Collett had such a commanding lead that she would have been almost certain to have beaten any lady golfer with the exception of the one she actually was playing. On the twelfth green Miss Collett missed a short putt, and her lead was reduced. After this Miss Wethered gave her little chance, and although Miss Collett continued to play steadily and well, hole after hole slipped away, and she was finally beaten on the thirty-fifth green.

BEFORE the final of 1930 started it appeared as certain as anything at golf can be that the Championship Cup would pass for the first time the ugliest statue I have ever seen. But it was the champion who played like a schoolgirl, and the almost-schoolgirl who played like a veteran. On this occasion Miss Fishwick was without any doubt the better golfer, used better judgment, and had her temperament under better control. In 1932 Miss Fishwick won the English Ladies' Close Championship at Ashdown Forest, and the same year won the French Ladies' Championship at Le Touquet, where she had her revenge on Miss Molly Gourlay, whom she beat by 4 and 3 in the final. With General Critchley as her partner, she has practically monopolised the Thion de la Chaume Mixed Foursomes, which correspond in France to our Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes, as they were victorious every year from 1933 to 1937 inclusive. This year they were defeated in the semi-final by M. Carlhian and Mme. R. Thion de la Chaume, who married the son of the donor of the cup, and who won our Ladies' Championship as Mlle. Manette le Blan at Hunstanton in 1928, the year after Mlle. Simone de la Chaume had taken the Championship Cup abroad for the first time. Carlhian won the French Close Championship in 1934-1936 and the French Amateur Championship in 1936.

MISS FISHWICK also won the Sunningdale Open Foursomes the first time they were played, with E. N. Layton as her partner. She has never, rather strangely, been successful in the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes, even when partnered by General Critchley. In 1931 she should have beaten the final winners, Miss Joyce Wethered and the Hon. Michael Scott, but unfortunately her partner produced a devastating shot at each of the last three holes. Last year she appeared to have lost interest in the game and played little serious golf. This year she seems to be as keen as she ever was. She practised hard for the Ladies' Championship at Burnham, where I saw her late in the evening hitting shot after shot. This year she has already won the Belgian Ladies' Championship at Le Zoute, when she beat Miss Kathleen Garnham in the final by 5 and 4, and regained the German Ladies' Championship, which she held in 1936, when she beat in the final Mrs. L. Groos, of the Wannsee-Berlin Land and Golf Club, by 7 and 6.

Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Critchley

Mr. Morrison's article this week deals with the golf reputation of Miss Diana Fishwick, now Mrs. A. C. Critchley. She married the managing director of the G.R.A. in Paris two weeks ago ("Bystander," August 31st). They are honeymooning in America

IF anything happens to prevent any member of our Curtis Cup team from playing in America this year, Mrs. Critchley will be in the country and easy to get hold of if a substitute is required. Our best performance in Walker Cup matches in America was when one of our players was unable to play and Bernard Darwin, who was not one of the selected, took his place and acquitted himself with great credit to win his single against W. C. Fownes by 3 and 1.

General Critchley has also had a good golfing year. He has won the Surrey Amateur Championship, the Dutch Amateur Championship, and the Belgian Amateur Championship. In the final of the latter event at Spa he beat H. G. Bentley by two holes, a very fine performance. Perhaps at Worplesdon in October we shall see General and Mrs. Critchley do what General Critchley and Miss Fishwick were not able to do—namely, win the Mixed Foursomes tournament.

Continuing the first-round pictures of fathers and daughters at Pulborough (see page 387): Captain R. C. Norris and Miss Brenda Norris, who had a victory over the Alexanders

Miss Sheila Stroyan (who is strongly fancied at Stoke Poges this week) played at Pulborough with Captain J. R. Stroyan, donor of the Scotland v. England Girls' Cup

Lady Holt Wilson and Mr. H. R. Stirling lost in Pulborough's first round to Mr. A. Raworth and Miss M. Raworth, of St. George's Hill, by 6 and 4

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

At rest: the car with the graceful lines is the new Morris "Ten - Four" Series "M" overhead - valve model

WELL, George Eyston has done it again—and how! 345·49 m.p.h.! Those of us who get a kick out of touching 60 m.p.h. down hill with a following wind should try to imagine the exhilaration of travelling at a speed between five and six times as great. . . .

"We have learned a lot on these runs," said Eyston afterwards.

"*We have learned a lot*"! Great heavens, I should have thought it was a whole-time job to breathe! Yet there sat Eyston, steering, listening to his engines, stealing side-long glances at his instruments and making mental notes of this and that for future reference.

Eyston's achievement is in every sense a *personal* triumph. His whole resources have been thrown into "Thunderbolt," and to my certain knowledge he got little sleep during the three months preceding his departure for the Bonneville Salt Flats. The news that the French Government have shown their appreciation of this remarkable Englishman by creating him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour is indeed welcome. It is good to know that the *French* Government are appreciative of great Englishmen. Next, please. . . .

ON Saturday next we have the International Hill Climb at Shelsley Walsh once again. Since the opening of Prescott, the Cheltenham venue for hill climbs organised by the Bugatti Owners' Club, and Bo'ness Hill, known as the "Scottish Shelsley," several new drivers have come to the fore as hill-climb exponents who will be competing at Shelsley next Saturday for the first time.

First of these newcomers is G. E. Abecassis, one of the most successful racing drivers of the 1938 season and holder of the Prescott record (where he beat Fane by quite a considerable margin), who will be driving his 1500 c.c. Alta specially prepared for Shelsley. Another newcomer who has rapidly risen to fame in Scotland, and holds the Bo'ness record, is Harry Souter, who drives a very special Bugatti. Yet another is John Appleton driving his 9-h.p. Appleton "Special," which has been entirely rebuilt and which last month amazed a huge gathering at Poole speed trials by beating cars of four times its size. Even in 1936, in its original form, this car held the world's record for the standing kilometre and mile in its class. Now, after considerable modification and fitted with a new and beautifully streamlined body, this car is expected to put up a very fine performance at Shelsley.

So much for the newcomers. Of the old brigade of Shelsley enthusiasts, Fane intends to keep his record and Mays has very definite ideas of regaining it, while Hadley and Dobson, on the little Austins, who were within two seconds of the record, have great hopes of knocking off these fractions. The ladies, too—who, by the way, are *not* barred at Shelsley—will have their own battle to fight. Mrs. Petre's record will be in considerable danger if Miss Turner's arrangements go as planned, for she will be handling Arthur Dobson's E.R.A., which she entered for the May climb but was prevented from driving owing to a serious illness. Mrs. Bolster will be driving the "Special," which has been much improved since the May event.

Shelsley is now at a period when anyone might create a new record. So much knowledge has been gained in the last few years by drivers and designers and incorporated in the cars that a time of 35 seconds is now spoken of as being quite within the capabilities of both man and machine. Times are now so close that the club has been forced to use an electrical apparatus capable of timing in hundredths of a second instead of fifths.

Usually the journey home after a Shelsley meeting is quite a feature of the whole thing. I have memories of many a cheery dinner party at the Lygon Arms Hotel, Broadway, where many of the lads (and lassies!) are wont to forgather. Next Saturday, however, the Lygon Arms will feel the draught, for most of their regular customers will have turned their cars Ashby-wards, in order to be "on location" for the great "Morris Owner" Rally at Donington on Sunday.

Last year's Morris Rally at Lilleshall Park was a tremendous success—despite pouring rain throughout—and hundreds of enthusiastic Morris owners and their friends arrived from all parts of the country. This year, I understand, owing to the more central position of Donington, nearly three times as many people are expected.

The programme includes a Concours d'Elégance, with classes for all Morris models, a motor gymkhana, a treasure hunt, and a speed-judging contest to be held on the track itself. In the Concours d'Elégance there will be a special class for the oldest Morris car to compete, but it should be clearly understood that the car must arrive under its own power, and the distance which it has travelled will also be taken into consideration in determining the winner. In the evening a dance will be held in the famous Donington Mansion.

At speed: "B. Bira" (No. 9) got straight into the lead of the J.C.C. 200 miles race at Brooklands and set a fast pace, but his Maserati gave way to J. P. Wakefield's E.R.A. at the finish. Lord Howe (E.R.A.) was third

I AM glad to see that the Royal Automobile Club is to honour Richard Seaman. He has accepted their invitation to be present at a luncheon to be given in his honour at the Club on Tuesday, September 27 Seaman recently won the German Grand Prix, the first time an Englishman has ever achieved this distinction, and it is only the second occasion on which an Englishman has won one of the principal Continental motor races, the previous race being the French Grand Prix, in which the late Sir Henry Segrave finished first in 1923. Just to show that this win was no mere fluke, Seaman finished second to Caracciola in the Berne Grand Prix, and I am prepared to tip him here and now to win the Donington Grand Prix in his Mercedes on October 1st. As they say in "Tatt's," "What did I give yer fer the two-firty?"

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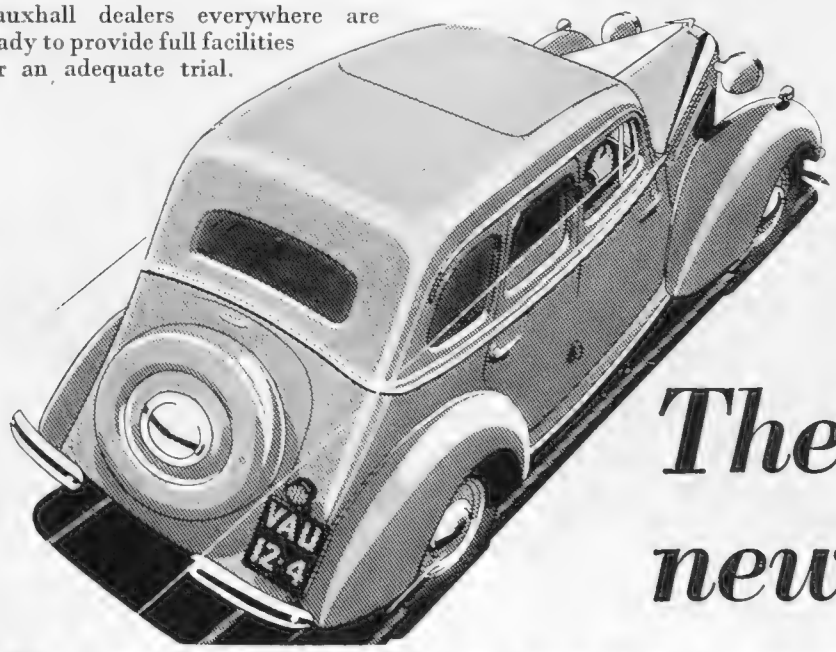

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Not Idle Tears

(Continued from page 379)

at school. 'Your hands, my dear, adorable, Your lips of tenderness.'"

"Fancy you knowing that!" Really, Tatt decided, there seemed to be an affinity between himself and this sensitive girl. "So many people despise Rupert Brooke these days," he declared mournfully.

"They simply don't understand," said Mary.

She stared at the picture again, and a fresh gush of tears sprang from her eyes. "And to think that I, who can really appreciate it, will never see it again, once this show 's over. It 's sure to be snapped up by some rich man with no soul."

"Do you really like it as much as that?"

"Yes, but I could never afford it. Never!"

This time the tears came so fast they quite blinded her. Eugene Tatt's heart could stand the strain no longer

"Oh, well," he said, "these prices are not really hard-and-fast, you know." He glanced at the catalogue and saw he was asking twenty guineas for "The Chilterns."

"I very much want you to have this picture. I should be happy to know it was with you. Could you manage, say, ten guineas?"

Mary managed a strangled sob instead. "It 's worth ten times as much as that—a hundred times!" she exclaimed. "But even so, it 's too much for me."

Temporarily exhausted of tears, she could see a little now, and in Eugene's face she glimpsed indecision. "I could manage seven guineas," she murmured. "You see, I 've been saving up for—oh, well, that doesn't matter. It 's just absurd to think of poor little me owning a picture by you."

But she got it, and at seven guineas.

Now she had discovered the technique, she went quickly to work, and before the painters had had time to tell each other boastfully of the young woman devoted to their work, but so hard up, poor child, she had gathered together thirty-odd canvases by contemporaries, all of them either definitely "established" or "with a future." She got one of A. B. Cee's melancholy mauve portraits, listed at twenty-five guineas, for three pounds six and seven, all the money (she said) that was in her handbag. And Peter Pinto actually made her a free gift of one of his most characteristic studies of a Tyrolean landscape, for which he had confidently expected to receive anything from fifty to a hundred pounds.

Mary's collecting came to an end when she made her unsuccessful attempt to obtain an Evelyn Westermain. Westermain was known to be very young and very good. He "arrived" suddenly. Odd pictures of his were shown; people talked about him; critics wrote encouragingly. But he was a mysterious person. No one seemed to know much about him or to have spoken to him. Doubtless he lived in the country. No photograph of him was printed anywhere

So when his first one-man show was announced there was a considerable stir among those who care for such things. Mary wangled an invitation to the private view, and turned up early: she liked to have the widest possible choice. As the show was again in the Lamartine Galleries, she thought her luck was in, and a quick tour of the walls convinced her. This Evelyn Westermain was a genius already mature. The only difficulty was going to be to decide which of these stimulating canvases was the most desirable.

But at last she made her choice and settled before it, in the motionless attitude of one overcome with adoration. Presently she switched on the tears. There must have been nearly a dozen young men in the room, and she wondered which of them would reveal himself as the painter and sympathetically steal to her side.

The seconds went by: the tears ran wastefully down her cheeks, until her confidence began to weaken. But at last she heard steps behind her and a voice saying in her ear: "Can I do anything to help? I 'm Evelyn Westermain."

Something about that voice cleared the water from Mary's eyes, and made her turn quickly round. Evelyn Westermain was a woman! And a hard-bitten, businesslike woman at that!

It was useless to put up a fight. Mary knew defeat when it stared her in the eyes. Like the good general she was, she retreated at once, under cover of savage skirmish, sobbing over her shoulder as she went: "The least you can do is not to intrude on a private grief. Can't a girl cry to herself if she wants to?"

She is now an enthusiastic member of the Society for the Abolition of Christian Names Common to Both Sexes.

THE END.

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

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ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes; vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1937 or 1938, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists* and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1938. No Entrance Fee

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone No*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON SEPTEMBER

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

A summer cold is dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter. Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs at their source. Vapex is perfectly safe for children—guaranteed free from ephedrine or any narcotic.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

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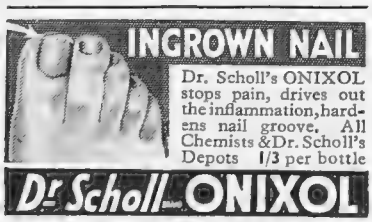


INGROWN NAIL

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL stops pain, drives out the inflammation, hardens nail groove. All Chemists & Dr. Scholl's Depots 1/3 per bottle

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

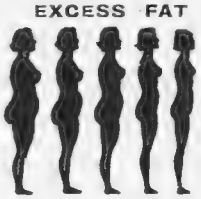
Step out of OVERWEIGHT

10 years younger

Superfluous fat robs you of half the joy of living, saps your vitality, and adds years to your age. If you value your health and appearance, if you want to wear smart clothes smartly, and join in the active life of your generation, you must throw off the burden of overweight at once. Remember every day you delay makes it more difficult to get slim again, and doctors warn you that superfluous fat is putting an undue strain on heart and liver. Yet you can start at once to take the Natex way to vitality and slender lines.

"LAZY" THYROID THE CAUSE. Fat accumulates because your thyroid gland is slowing down its action, failing to energise the processes of your body which normally deal with fat-producing foods.

EXCESS FAT GOES WHILE YOU EAT



These figures show how you grow more graceful as Natex takes away unwanted fat. No picture can show how much happier, livelier, healthier you become! Natex is not a drug, it is a slimming *food* which re-invigorates your thyroid gland and makes it able to deal with all the fat-making foods you eat. Natex actually works *while* you eat—making you slimmer day by day until you reach the proportions Nature intended.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Pamela Gresson

Is engaged to Derek St. George Martin, 15th/19th Hussars, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Martin, of Ebworth Park, Stroud, Glos.; she is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. H. A. Gresson, of Shipton Manor, Andoversford, Glos.

Lenare

Iris Marie Hoare

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Charles Grey, of Hocker Edge, Cranbrook; she is to marry in October William Goodenough Hayter, H.M. Diplomatic Service, only son of the late Sir William Hayter and Lady Hayter, of Beverley House, Thatcham

Pamela Spens is the elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Hugh Spens, of Powis House, by Stirling, and is to marry Edward Kenmure Landale Melville, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of Gillesbie, Lockerbie, eldest son of the late Col. E. P. A. Melville and Mrs. Melville

Pearl Freeman

Angela Tod

Is the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. H. Tod, of 19, Cadogan Square, S.W.1; she is engaged to Hamilton O'Malley-Keyes, eldest son of the late Col. Middleton O'Malley-Keyes and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, of Castel Meretmont, Biarritz. He is in the Irish Guards

Lenare

Christiana Margaret Andreae

Bassano

Pamela Spens

Cannons of Hollywood

Suzanne Hatton

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Hatton, of Broome House, Clent, Worcs.; her marriage is on September 17th to Eric John Stapylton Rollo, eldest son of Major and the late Mrs. J. E. H. Rollo, of Silver Birches, Headley, Hants.

Left: Christiana Margaret Andreae is the daughter of Mr. Herman Andreae, of Moundsmere Manor, Basingstoke, and Mrs. Christiana Andreae, of 6, Chesterfield Street, W.1. Her fiancé is Richard Ely Danielson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Danielson, of Groton, Mass., U.S.A.

Lenare

Doreen Helen Ransom

Is being married on September 17th at All Souls', Langham Place, to John Cooper Cherry, younger son of the late Rt. Hon. R. R. Cherry, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and Mrs. Cherry, of Dublin; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ransom, of Kuala, Selangor, Malaya

Left: at Beaconsfield Parish Church, Lieut. Antony Dayrell, R.N., son of the late Major and Mrs. Wilfrid Dayrell, married Julia MacKinnon, daughter of Lord Justice MacKinnon and Lady MacKinnon, of Holloways Farm, Beaconsfield, where a reception was given

Right: Captain George Edwin Cotter Sikes, R.A., only son of the Archdeacon of Ross and Mrs. Sikes, of The Rectory, Skibbereen, Co. Cork, and Mona Evelyn Blackburne, only daughter of Mr. C. I. Blackburne, of Haslemere, Surrey, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Dayrell — MacKinnon

Sikes — Blackburne

Bellman — O'Brien

Sir Harold and Lady Bellman's son, Kenneth Bellman, married Doreen O'Brien at Stanmore Parish Church. She is the daughter of Mr. M. O'Brien, of Ealing, and the late Mrs. Olive O'Brien. Sir Harold and Lady Bellman live at Priory Close, Stanmore

Norman — Tory

Dr. Richard Tonkin Norman, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. A. Norman, of Hadleigh House, Broadstone, Dorset, and Margaret Arbon Tory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Tory, of Shapwick, Blandford, Dorset, were married at St. Bartholomew's, Shapwick

Hamilton-Smythe — Holt-Needham

Arthur Francis Hamilton-Smythe and Pamela Holt-Needham were married at the Chapel of the Savoy. He is the son of the late Ralph Hamilton-Smythe and Mrs. R. C. Pyper, of 1, Inverness Terrace, W. She is the younger daughter of the late O. N. Holt-Needham and Mrs. Holt-Needham, of Storn, Meysey Hampton, Fairford, Gloucestershire

Millbourn — Raws

Left: it was a St. James's, Piccadilly, wedding between Cecil Robert Millbourn, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Millbourn, of Brown Gables, Rose Walk, Purley, and Helen Margaret Raws, second daughter of Lt.-Colonel Sir Lennon and Lady Raws, 12, Larsell Road, Toorak, Melbourne, Australia

Right: John Francis Ainsworth, son of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, of Ardanaiseig, Kilchrechan, Argyll, and Lady Holm Patrick, married Josephine Bernard at Chelsea Old Church. She is the elder daughter of Commander and Mrs. W. R. Bernard, of 19, York Mansions, S.W. 11

Ainsworth — Bernard

WILLS'S

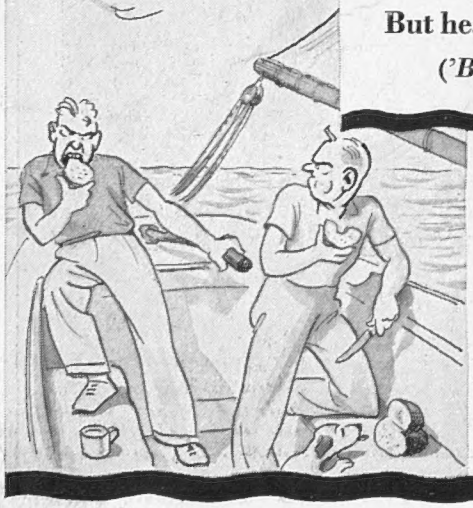
CAPSTAN

Shanties

From Burnham-on-Crouch round to Pevensey Bay
(George is the Skipper and I am the crew)
A nice little do-little cruise, you would say—
('Better buy Capstan, whatever you do).

But off the North Foreland the trouble begins
(The crew blames the skipper, and *he* blames the crew)
For the opener's lost and our meals are in tins
And you can't draw a cork if you haven't a screw.

Well, its lucky we're both of us peaceable folk:
On plain bread and water we'll have to pull through
But heaven be praised! we can still have a smoke—
('Better buy Capstan, whatever you do).



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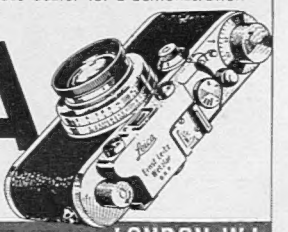

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